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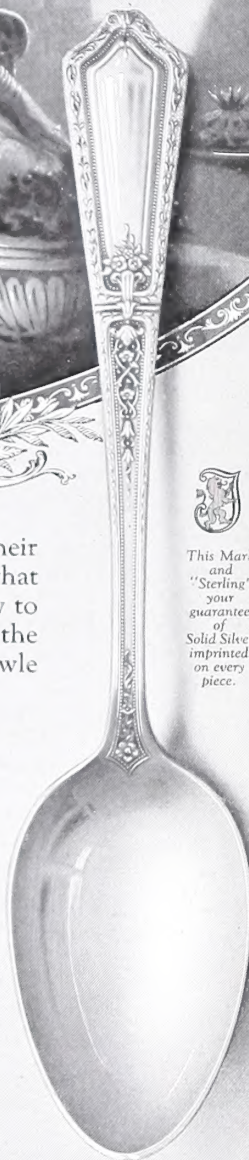
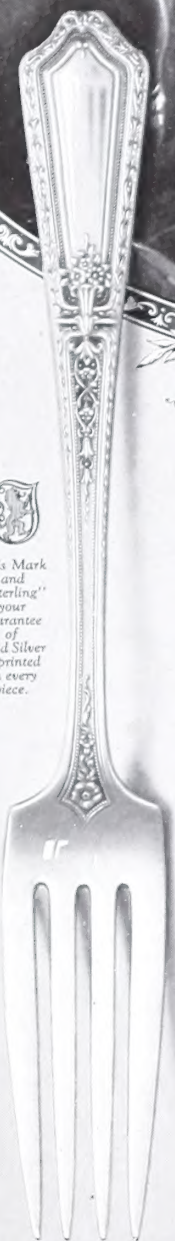
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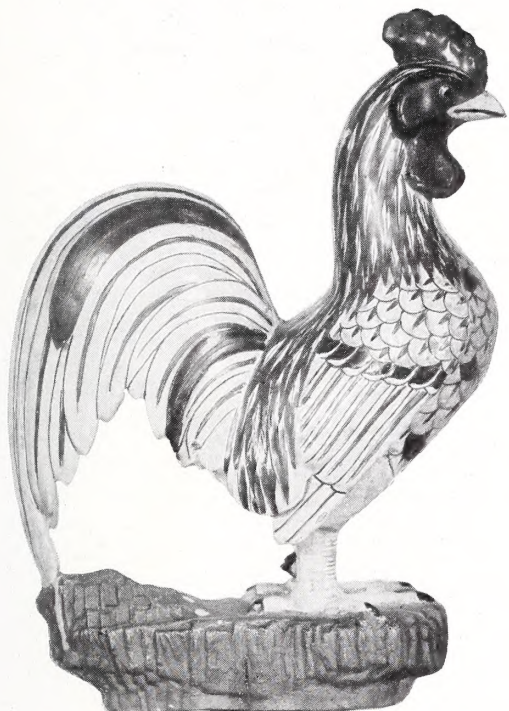
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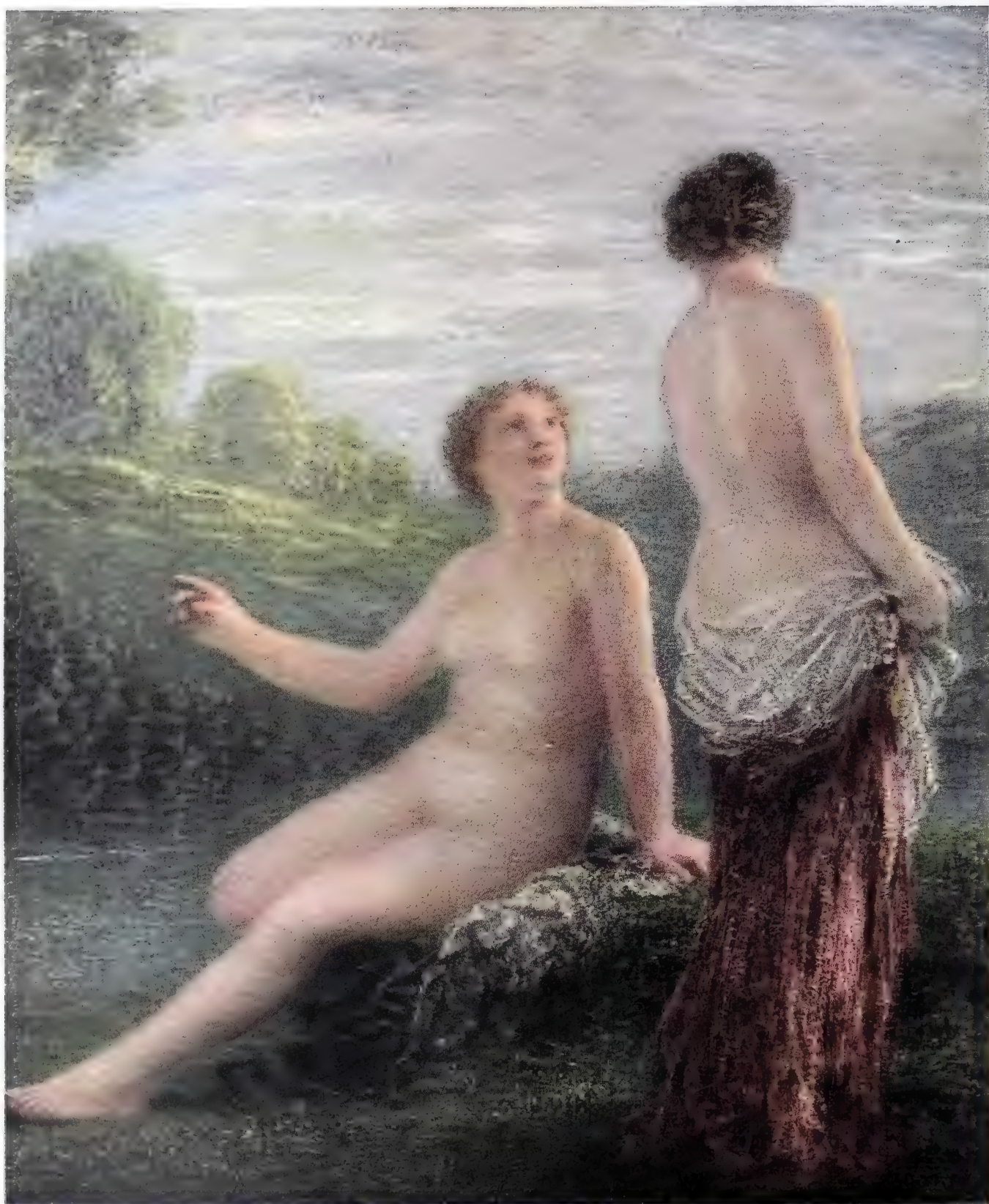
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by

Henri Fantin-Latour

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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume
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October 1923

MAILLOL, *Giant of* SCULPTURE

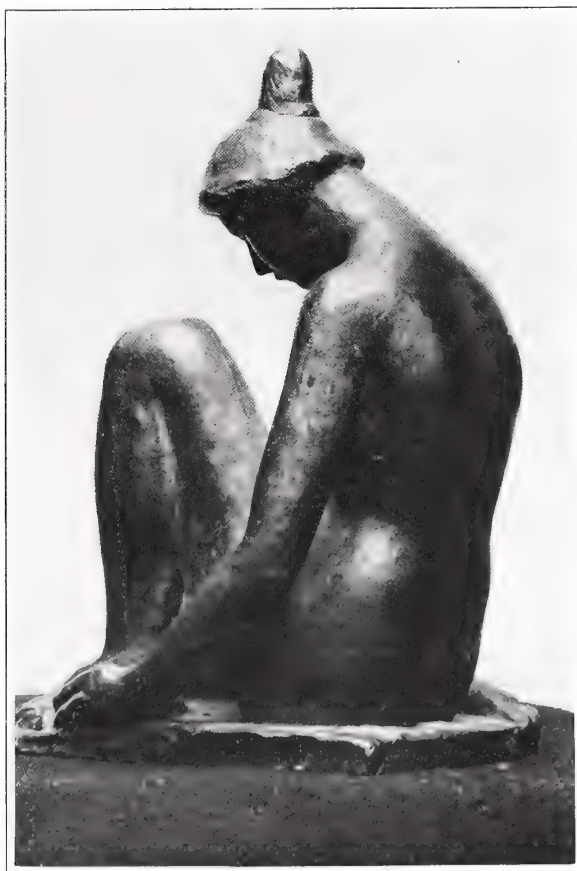
THERE is no Cézanne in sculpture. No colossal figure breaks from the ranks of the impressionists, finds a new basis for the art and revolutionizes the world's practice of it. There is, instead, a chapter of sculptural history *between* Impressionism and true revolutionary Post-Impressionism. It deals with a time that might be called the "honest period" because it marks a return to the fundamental virtues of stone-cutting. It lies between Rodin, from whom it was a reaction, and the expressionists—Epstein, Archipenko, Gaudier—to whom it afforded a solid basis of departure for their exploration of newer and wilder fields. And its virtues and achievement are summed up in the work that has been done by one man—Aristide Maillol.

Who is Maillol? His work is not in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, although many a lesser post-Rodin sculptor is represented. I can not remember a work of his in any English gallery. He is little known even to the all-explor-

French master, chief exponent of honesty in return to fundamental virtues of art of stone-cutting . . . by
SHELDON GHENEY

ing journalistic press of England and America. Yet it was an American who first told me, five years ago, that Maillol was the greatest living sculptor. There are many persons who rank him highest in this field in France since the death of Rodin, and some do not exclude Rodin. My own humble judgment is that his work far surpasses Rodin's for purely and typically sculptural quality, and he out-ranks the other giant of the present day, Bourdelle, by sheer aesthetic over-value.

Maillol is by no means one of the younger men of French sculpture. He was born in 1861, in southern France. Starting as a painter, he followed correctly conventional ways—we are dealing with no "born radical" here—until he came under the growing influence of Gauguin. For a time he painted pictures during the day and experimented with wood carving at night. Perhaps increasing dissatisfaction with easel painting as a medium



"SEATED WOMAN"
BRONZE FIGURE BY
ARISTIDE MAILLOL



"SEATED WOMAN," PLASTER

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



SIMILAR FIGURE IN TERRA-COTTA

kept him restless—we find him next designing tapestries. With characteristic honesty and thoroughness he obtained his own fabrics and experimented with the artistic and chemical properties of dyes. He did not really turn sculptor until he was thirty-five years old. His work is best understood, I think—and its historical importance made clear—by reference to the achievement and the failings of the sculptors who immediately preceded him, and since that preceding period can be summed up in Rodin, I shall talk about Maillol very largely by talking about Rodin through the first half of this essay.

"Impressionism" as a name applied to sculpture needs some explanation. The word almost implies sketchiness, which is a quality practically impossible in true sculpture: *i. e.*, cut stone. But in what currently passed for that art before Maillol in modeling, Impressionism made itself plausible—it is still, indeed, the end and substance of four-fifths of the works of our facile exhibition modelers of today. When



"STANDING WOMAN"
by Aristide Maillol



"HEAD OF A WOMAN"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



"MASK OF A YOUNG WOMAN"

one studies the works of Rodin with the works of the impressionist painters—say, Monet—in mind, certain parallels become clear. One is in the matter of *pose*. The impressionist painters sought above all else to record a single fleeting *aspect* of a scene, often sacrificing structure to the catching of this "impression." Rodin employed models to walk nude about his studio so that he could catch them unexpectedly in sudden revealing attitudes, and he would fix these in clay. There certainly is the parallel of the painted "aspect." There is, too, a sculptural counterpart of Monet's achievement of vibration of light. If he laid on his pigments in a way to catch the light more brilliantly than any predecessor, Rodin may be said to have made sculpture more

luminous than any before his time. He kept the larger masses of his pieces open and uninvolved, with full surfaces toward the light; and he varied these surfaces with bosses and hollows so minute,

although nevertheless natural, that there is a constant subtle play of half-obscure dark-and-light. The effect is spontaneous and sweetly flowing to a degree unknown in the history of sculpture. It is realism made atmospheric, the "lightness" of painted-Impressionism grafted to the heaviest of mediums. These painters, too, made a point of fading off their pictures at the edges, and Rodin obtained a not dissimilar effect by failing to work his figures entirely out of the marble block. The ground was purposely



"HEAD"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

thrown out of focus to make the statue stand out the more clearly by contrast. This method, which must be looked upon as something of an affectation, increases the sense of concentration, and occasionally it helps to preserve that essentially sculptural feeling of massiveness which the impressionist method is in general bound to destroy when applied to the plastic art.

A revolt from this sort of sculpture was inevitable, for despite his escape from the prettily rounded limbs and the sweet, smooth surfaces of an earlier school, and despite his avoidance of the typical Beaux-Arts flourish, Rodin was not modern in the post-realistic sense. His surfaces were lively with variation, his restrained masses confined powerful movement, his figures achieved a certain sense of life, but he missed the "living" quality which Cézanne sought. Despite his nursed concentration and his affectation of the broken block and spontaneous creation—which some commentators have confounded with the directness and divine heedlessness of the real

"THE ADOLESCENT"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



"THE BATHER"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

moderns—he remained the inspired, sensitive naturalist. Meier-Graefe put it in a few words: "His magic breathes Nature—that is its strength. There is not a single detail in his work which is not the outcome of a natural impression." Most of all, when his work is compared with that of Maillol, he was not typically sculptural—massive, creative of related volumes in repose.

Rodin bred a whole school of sculptors with impressionistic traits, but none ever has succeeded in reaching his perfection of rippling surface texture and absolute faithfulness of pose. Most of his followers have unconsciously been more honest than he in that they recorded their impressions in clay rather than marble. Some of these followers carried the method to the absurd extreme of sketchiness and dim outline: notably Medardo Rosso with his soft-focus photographic Impressionism and Bistolfi with his prettified and painty figures which exact spontaneity at whatever cost to sculptural solidity. Other followers glorified Rodin's subtle bosses and hollows into an intensely disagreeable sort of bulgy realism which supposedly substitutes "power" for repose. But these were only tag ends of decadent realism and have nothing to do with the opening of a new chapter of history. That new chapter begins with a quiet return to



"POMONA"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

the basic principles of sculpture. A few artists like Maillol inquired what was the essential quality suggested or determined by the heavy and plastic materials in which they must work, and they arrived at a certain massiveness. Second, they inquired whether the pictorial values developed under Impressionism, the straining for revealing pose and sketchy finish, were essentially sculptural—and they escaped from the burden of pictorial and literary nonessentials. Third, they conceived, instinctively rather than consciously, that there was something that could be called essential sculptural form. They quite clearly found joy in seeking this sort of form—but still within the limits of normal aspects—seen honestly. "Form" meant to them an intensification of the characteristics of their materials rather than that absolute emotional-objective intensification which is generally understood when Clive Bell's now famous

"FIGURE"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



phrase "significant form" is mentioned among those who discuss the purpose and meaning of art.

In this sort of sculpture Maillol is unchallenged. Of him Meier-Graefe wrote nearly twenty years ago: "Maillol is perhaps the first Frenchman since the Gothic artists who shows no traces of the baroque." There was something prophetic in the words, and certainly it was a good beginning; no trace of flourish, of sophisticated stylism, of show elements; after that, absolute freedom from any desire to be descriptive, to show a figure in a discovered or arranged pose; and no over-exaltation of finish. Here was a return to fundamentals. Maillol is direct where Rodin was ingenious, simple in spirit where Rodin achieved simplicity of effect out of a marvelous actual complexity. Maillol is little interested in either violent movement or the tense, quivering figure. The posed, ecstatic moment of Rodin, the peculiarities of pose and gesture

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FIGURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE
BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



"FLORA"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

avidly sought by the impressionists—these would disturb the repose and serenity of his sculptured figures. He equally disavows any desire to compete with the literateurs in clay or the illustrators. His thought and mode are based on a conception of sculpture as a massive, quiet art. Maillol is debtor to Rodin in one matter, in that the latter brought a new seriousness to the study of surface. The newer man, however, shapes it for vigor and for the sake of the broader mass instead of breaking it up for atmospheric play of light. That

sweetly flowing quality of Rodin's marble, the shimmer of minute variations of surface at which one never ceases to wonder, would be no gain to Maillol's art of simple contours and balanced volumes. The fine amplitude of his work could only be disturbed by impressionistic "lightness."

This work of Maillol cuts behind all the falsities of pictorial conception which characterized the art from the Renaissance to Rodin. Sculpture has become once more a thing in itself, not the means of imitating a thing seen. It conveys emotion rather than a thought or an aspect. It has character of its own rather than the character of a model. It preserves the life of the material in which the artist worked. It is the negation of Realism. If you will look at the pictures of the "Seated Woman"—either the plaster figure or the slightly differing terra-cotta—you will be able to find these qualities in their essence. The heavy sculptural feeling, the serene massiveness, speaks to some of us as does practically nothing out of Rodin. It is *sculpture* realized. It is complete. It lives in its own right without any necessity of associative interest of subject or symbolism. It is mightily difficult

to put that heavy sculptural feeling into a standing figure. But look at the woman with hands above head. It has something of the same solidity and simplicity, the same architectural completeness. The armless standing figure is no less firm-set. The third figure, "Standing Woman," fine and vigorous as it is in its more realistic field, seems to be less typical of the Maillol who sums up the return-to-sculptural-principles period. It is hon-

esty of observation, perhaps, more than purely emotional honesty. While we are thinking of the less characteristic work, look at "The Adolescent," a bit of sensitive realism that is world-famous—and yet is less of the essential Maillol than of a Maillol working temporarily in the Rodin tradi-

tion. It is a masterly thing of the sort—but naturalistic. "Masque of a Young Woman" is back in the best vein. It preserves to a remarkable degree the basic massiveness while sacrificing little in the way of sensitiveness or psychological truth. It has a living quality combined with architectonic feeling. It is true sculptural portraiture, not merely a photograph or a summary in sculpture. It will repay study, perhaps, to consider this as the logical link between the realistic-impressionistic heads by Rodin and the psychological Expressionism of Epstein's finest portraits—the honest return to first principles which had to come between those masters before and after him.

Other works pictured are typical of various phases. Let me add in all honesty that I have not seen the originals of all the works shown here. The "Flora" borders on the decorative, in a

surface sense, and has perhaps more friends than the "straighter" sculptural things. Its decorative touch, nevertheless, does not carry it perilously close to those sculptors who merely make a trick of pretty formalization. It is structural too. The "Pomona," a companion piece, is less ingratiating but more solidly an achievement. The square relief panel of a man and a woman, one of the finest and most famous of Maillol's works, might



"BAS-RELIEFS"

BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

serve as illustration for an entire article on sculpture in relation to architecture. It exhibits a well nigh perfect solution of the problem of fitting sculpture to an arbitrary space. The architectural feeling runs through the figures—they are not merely framed. Structural solidity breathes from

He simplifies, summarizes and selects, but he keeps discreetly within the broader limits of observed natural normality. He returns to honest structural principles and a plastic substantiality, and one feels that there is a mathematical basis beyond; but he never attempts to “cube” the outward



“STANDING WOMAN”



“FIGURE”

THREE EXAMPLES OF MAILLOL'S ART



“STANDING WOMAN”

the whole piece. The group suggests a return to that fair time when sculpture and architecture had not yet been divorced. Perhaps the restlessness of much modern sculpture has been due to that divorce. At any rate, I think no one will object to the statement that a return to architectural principles was one of the things that world sculpture needed most at the close of the impressionist era—and Maillol with such work as this has perhaps done more than anyone else to turn the art back to that safe starting point for its next adventure into the unknown.

I am ready to grant that Maillol's work is post-impressionistic chiefly in the negative sense of being a return. If one is thinking of the out-and-out modernists, the distortionists and the expressionists, it is necessary to make distinctions and reservations here. Most of the modernists have gone beyond merely a returned honesty, directness and simplicity. Those later men frankly abandon fidelity to natural form if thereby they can hope to intensify emotion or sculptural feeling. Maillol, in spite of all his contempt for realistic interest, never violates the accepted visual aspects of nature.

He achieves a fourth dimension, he always does it after arranging the other three in natural order. He goes half the way with the moderns—he seeks form—but he sacrifices no broad visual truth to intensify it. In returning to honesty in art, one is always in danger of being dragged into the question of the archaic. Maillol exhibits a massiveness and sheerness that have led to talk of primitive influences. He doubtless learned to value something finely heavy by a study of archaic works—look again at the stone panel and the noble “Seated Woman”—but he has not returned to archaic conventions. His simplicity is elemental but by no means primitive. Particularly he lacks the naïve touch. Naïvety implies a child-like quality, and Maillol never asks us to overlook a distortion. Here then is a giant of his own time. He stands, as I said at the beginning, by far the greatest figure of world sculpture in the period between Impressionism and Expressionism, the giant of the period of “honesty.”

Photographs by courtesy of Galerie E. Druet, Paris



LIMOGES ENAMELED COPPER COFFRET

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THE ART of ENAMEL WORK

IN an effort to stimulate an ever-growing interest in all the crafts practised so consummately by artists of the past, it is well to take a glimpse back to the days of the Middle Ages, when the handicrafts flowered in special perfection, to see what these arts really were. Many people speak enthusiastically of reviving the crafts that are wrought by hand, without having any definite knowledge of the processes through which they passed and the origin from which they sprang. No matter how modern in spirit or how great an innovator a craftsman may be, he must, first of all, possess a basic knowledge that is founded on past traditions and historic teachings.

A finer skill and a greater facility in the use of material generally brought with it a desire to make the material appear other than it really was, and through this false simulation it lost much of its original charm and individuality. Many a craftsman in his zeal to overcome technical difficulties has been beguiled into trying to make iron perform the function of wood, into persuading wood to take on

Understanding of the great skill of medieval craftsmen needed to aid in promoting its revival . . . by
HANNA TAGHAU

the texture of metal, and into imparting to enamel work all the characteristics of a finished painting. All these endeavors reveal the great ingenuity and dexterity of the artist, but they

exalt cleverness and facility above a genuine understanding of the limitations which should govern the use of each particular medium with which he has to deal in his creative endeavors.

To make more understandable the similarities and differences in enamel work, it can be divided, broadly speaking (although there are many subdivisions) into three forms—the cloisonné, the champlevé, and the painted enamel. The cloisonné is the earliest form of enameling we know, and it was practised by many of the old civilizations, especially the Byzantine, which transmitted it in all its glory to the craftsmen of Western Europe. The pattern is made by using thin strips of metal which are bent to follow the contours of the design, and are then soldered to the metal base, which is of either copper or gold. Into these "cloisons" or small cells, which are thus formed by the little



"ST. LUKE, ST. PAUL AND ST. MARK"

SILVER TRIPTYCH PAINTED AND ENAMELED
ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

metal strips, is fused the enamel—a vitreous powdered glass that is colored with metallic oxides and is opaque, transparent or translucent.

Each little cell contains one pure color, which in early enamel was always clear and rather crude, and this very lack of subtlety in the treatment of color gave a certain sincerity and decorative quality to the early work which added greatly to its charm. The metal thread outlining the pattern gave continuity to the whole design. Cloisonné enamel produces practically the

same effect as a mosaic except that its separations consist of thin bands of metal instead of the plaster which holds the mosaic together.

One of the most beautiful and celebrated pieces

of Byzantine workmanship of the Tenth Century is the Pala d'Oro at St. Mark's in Venice—an altar piece of gold, richly wrought with myriads of precious stones that surround the spaces enclosing the exquisite enameled forms of saints and sacred figures. The figure of Christ is enclosed in a large medallion, and that of St. Michael is done in relief. Later, this enchanting piece of enamel was enlarged by



ST. GEORGE MEDALLION
GOLD AND ENAMEL
BYZANTINE, ELEVENTH
CENTURY



"THE KISS OF JUDAS"

FIFTEENTH CENTURY LIMOGES ENAMEL

Greek artists then living in Venice, and twice again it was altered, so that, like so many other Byzantine works, it lost something of its first flavor and became imbued with the spirit of Gothic times.

A further development in this art occurred when the *champlevé* method of cutting the pattern into the metal was introduced in Limoges, which became a famous art center, and in the regions of the Meuse and the Rhine, where the art of enameling was brought to great perfection in the Twelfth Century. Here the craftsman worked with great dexterity and beauty, using the robuster copper for a background, instead of the softer gold.

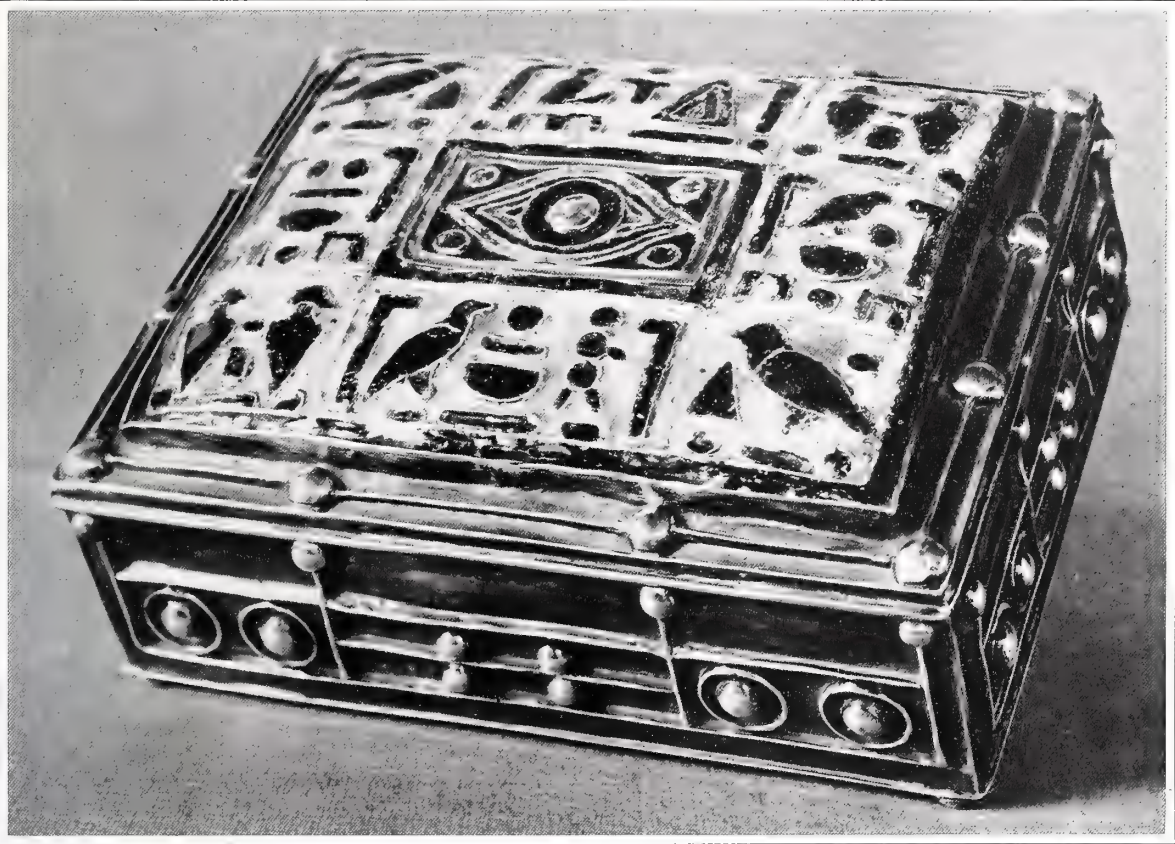
The early Celtic and Anglo-Saxon work is very interesting, and we find that some of the old pieces were worked in a combination of the *cloisonné* and the *champlevé* processes. One

naturally became darker in color, so that an effect of shading was obtained without having to resort to more than one tint in the process.

Another form of enamel was used to color gold

that was modeled in relief, and a permanent coating of transparent enamel was then applied as a final finish. In some cases, however, several layers were applied one upon another, and if figures were introduced into the design, the features were painted in later. This method of enameling was used in making jewelry where figures, grotesque animals and conventional forms appeared. Many exquisite examples of *basse-taille* were executed both in France and Italy. In this process a transparent enamel is applied on a gold ground which has been delicately carved or beaten into a *bas-relief*. This minute form of sculpture glows like

MODERN PORTFOLIO MOUNT ENGRAVED
AND ENAMELED BY HENRY NOPPE



ENAMELED SILVER COFFRET BY ELIZABETH COPELAND

OWNED BY MRS. J. M. SEARS

a jewel beneath the transparency of the enamel. Cellini, who loved to experiment with different mediums, found delight in this form of art, which so suited his peculiar genius. With consummate skill he modeled the gold background in high relief, sometimes casting, chasing or embossing it, and then employing the enamel as an incrustation. What magic lay in the touch that could bring to such perfect consummation the illusive imaginings of his fertile brain!

But actual picture painting in enamel required a different ingenuity, and as the craftsmen grew more and more adept in handling their material they conceived a desire to present forms realistically, endowing them with all the pictorial qualities of a painting. They applied opaque color upon an enameled ground. This brought about the decadence of the art. It lost much of its early beauty and significance for its charm lay in the straightforward use of material, in the restraint occasioned by its very limitations, in the simplicity of its design and the gem-like quality of its color.

There have been spasmodic attempts to revive enamel work as it was done by the old masters, but the recovery of such an exacting art lies not alone in the capabilities and desire of the artist, but it must also find an encouraging apprecia-

tion and response in art patrons and the general public. In England a small coterie of craftsmen has turned its attentions to achieving interesting results in this field, and though many of the designs lack the simplicity and spontaneity of their older prototypes, their color attains the luminosity and the preciousness that essentially belong to a real art production. Perhaps two of the best known enameleurs of today are M. Lalique and M. Thesmar, craftsmen whose originality and daring have carried them triumphantly into long unconquered territory. Their technique is marvelous, and with the knowledge founded upon their many experiments with glass they are true innovators in their brilliant achievements. In casting aside traditions they sometimes push the use of their material to forbidden lengths, but that is likely to be done by artists of great facility.

Enameling upon metal has never been developed to a large extent here in America. Indeed it never was even attempted previous to the Nineteenth Century. Edwin Bishop, so far as we know, was the first American to exhibit some examples of his work at the Franklin Institute in 1842, and a few pieces are still preserved in the Pennsylvania Museum. But the beginnings of this art never matured into a real flowering.

GASPARD PAINTS *the* EAST

LÉON GASPARD is a Russian who feels a strong kinship with Asia. He has recently become an American citizen, but in spite of his European birth and his allegiance to the

United States, the most absorbing spot in the world to him is the Orient, along the crowded highways of China and Mongolia and in the colorful streets of Peking and Urga, which to him seem to be the most beautiful cities in the world. When he was a boy in Smolensk his father took him on a three-year journey across the Kirghiz steppes into Turkestan and Afghanistan to buy furs, rugs and other merchandise. Father and son shared an enthusiasm for Oriental races, for learning their ways and winning their trust, and this early experience prepared the painter for much more extended journeys later in life through Siberia,

Russian artist, now a citizen of the United States, finds his inspiration in the colorful Orient by

HELEN GOMSTOCK

Mongolia, Manchuria and China. Meantime he returned home, went to art school at Odessa and then to the Académie Julian in Paris. During the greater part of the next twenty

years he lived in France but he returned to Russia at frequent intervals in order to paint its cities, people and striking features.

Gaspard was born in Vitebsk but spent most of his boyhood in Smolensk, which is nearly in the center of Russia. His father was proficient in several arts but concentrated on none, while the son has followed his chosen work without deviation. His French name comes from an ancestor of several generations ago, but Gaspard considers himself entirely Russian, and as a Russian he has that share of eastern blood which relates his people so much more closely than the rest of Europe to

"FUR FAIR IN SIBERIA"

BY LÉON GASPARD





"THREE LITTLE BEGGARS"

BY LÉON GASPARD

their Asiatic neighbors. While no Occidental can ever feel entirely at home with the races of the East, Gaspard knows well how to get along with them, understands their differences from himself and is well versed in the particular knowledge—which is essential to the foreigner—of what offends them. On that early journey through Turkestan he saw his father forced to accept half of the eye of a sheep at a feast, considered a mark of the host's favor, and he remembered how his father pretended to swallow it in order not to give serious offence. On a recent visit to Peking he had a similar experience at a dinner given for him by a Chinese official whose portrait he was painting. According to Chinese etiquette, to reject a dish would be unpardonable, and so when there were placed before him two great delicacies which he knew his host had procured in his honor—caterpillar soup (the caterpillars taken from white lilies) and eggs of great age—he knew that he must eat at any cost. He saw the ordeal through, but he spent the next few days avoiding his host, who was overwhelming him with invitations. He seemed to know how to get along with Orientals of all classes and could take care of himself in the wilds as well as in the cities. The brigands known as Hunghutzes who carry on a highly organized system of robbery are sometimes very courteous to their victims and again they can be very unpleasant, as Ossendowski recounts in his *Beasts, Men and Gods*. Gaspard got off easily, and the

tribute that he was forced to pay speaks of culture on the part of the robbers, for they were satisfied to let him go after he had painted a portrait of their chief—a contribution quite gladly made.

It was in 1920 and 1921 that Gaspard painted most of the pictures reproduced herewith. He worked in Peking, Tientsin and Canton. When he was in the last-named city the weather was so hot that the oil in his paints separated from the pigment and sizzled as though on a stove. He got around this difficulty by keeping the tubes immersed in cold water. He painted many pictures in Manchuria and Mongolia, in the cities of Kiakhta and Urga and along the highways where Mongols, Turguts, Buriats, Tibetans and all the nomadic tribes of Mongolia are forever on the move. The red and yellow robes of countless lamas, the picturesque headdresses of the Mongol women, curving out like horns and encrusted with jewels, and all the brilliant colors which these people combine so daringly and successfully in their dress made a picture that demanded painting. Unfortunately almost all of Gaspard's Mongolian pictures were lost by an express company between Urga and Mukden, but his Chinese paintings he saved, and these with others from Manchuria, Siberia and Russia make up the group which is illustrated here as representative of his work.

Peking is a city in which Gaspard particularly enjoys painting. He says that there is frequently an unusual quality of atmosphere there, a light

without glare and with almost no shadows. In a pale, clear setting under an almost colorless sky, all the color that the inhabitants supply with their dress, their blue carriages, their funeral and marriage cars of red seems to be merged together with unusual harmony. Peking is full of pictures ready made, and he found a variety of material on the

painting in the streets of Peking throngs of curious but good natured coolies would gather to watch him. On several occasions they absolutely shut out all view of his subject and he had to go away. Once when he was surrounded by the usual crowd strolling merchants saw an opportunity and set up their booths. An ambulatory restaurant, a man



"DRUM TOWER OF PEKING"

BY LÉON GASPARD

streets of its different quarters which are so sharply divided from one another, the "Tartar City," the "Chinese City," the foreign quarter and the "Forbidden City." He won access to this last, through the influence of a Chinese friend, to paint a wedding procession. This friend, who was also an artist, painted the same subject with him, and it was obvious to both how diametrically opposed were their arts. Gaspard aimed at form, depth, atmosphere, and gained breadth of effect by omission of detail. The Chinese based his art on line, on detail, cared nothing about atmosphere and preserved a flat effect. What one painted, the other left out. Sometimes when Gaspard was

with a whole lunch counter on his back, did a thriving trade, and soon the place had the air of a busy fair, a mushroom growth that disappeared when the painter packed up his kit and went away.

The philosophy of the Orient, which is so often a reversal of western thought, was pictured before the painter's eyes in events like scenes from a play. Many of these had no particular relation to his paintings, others offered him rich material. One day as he and his interpreter, Wong, went out of one of the gates of Peking they saw lying on a garbage heap outside the walls a man and woman and several children, all apparently asleep. This seemed strange even in a country of unusual



“FUNERAL PROCESSION—PEKIN”

by

Leon Gaspard

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

things and he sent Wong to investigate. Wong came back with the story that they had come from the famine-swept province of Shan-tung, that they were starving, and that having neither money nor food they had lain down to die, which they were doing without a murmur. Gaspard sent back to find out how much money would save them from such a fate and Wong returned with the message that eleven dollars would do it. The painter found that he had with him only nine dollars and sixty cents and he offered it all, via Wong. To his surprise he saw the man shake his head, lie down again and close his eyes. Wong brought back the word that it was not enough. It seemed that the man had figured that a certain amount of money would be necessary for food until they could recover their strength, a certain amount for clothes and a place to sleep, a certain amount for the kind of straps that coolies wear that he might be a carrier and so earn a living. All this totaled eleven dollars, and anything less than that would not enable the man to carry out his scheme. Perhaps western enterprise, which would have taken what it could when it could, is not so wise as we think, for in this instance Oriental insistence on all or nothing won the day. The sight of the wretched group accepting its fate with resignation was too much for Gaspard and he sent back across the city for more money. Gaspard used to see the group later, a very grateful family, no longer emaciated but risen above beggaredom to respectable labor. He painted a picture of the children, "Three Little Beggars," which is doubly interesting because of its history.

The "Funeral Procession—Peking," reproduced in color, was painted near the entrance to the Tartar City, whose gate rises in the background. The funeral car was borne by men and, being heavy, necessitated frequent rests for the bearers. Gaspard knew this funeral was to take place and, negotiating diplomatically with the master of ceremonies, he arranged for a stop on a hillside where he would be waiting. The process was costly to the painter, but worth it, for the picture has the verisimilitude on which Gaspard insists. He always tries to make his pictures "portraits of places," he says, and is not satisfied unless his paintings ring true. He does not take

liberties with color but studies values carefully. He knows the importance of a neutral background for color of any sort and he sets his jewel-like reds and greens and his intense blues among dim golds and browns, as in the "Funeral Procession," or perhaps against a luminous but colorless sky as in "The Drum Tower of Peking." "Fur Fair, Si-



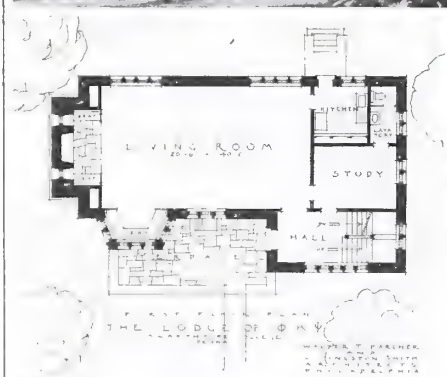
"BRIDGE AT SMOLENSK"

BY LÉON GASPARD

beria" is related to Gaspard's earlier paintings, those that he exhibited in France and Belgium before the war when he won recognition with his paintings of Russian fairs and fêtes, peasants at work or in their Sunday best, or perhaps pictures of his beloved Smolensk, to which he still refers affectionately as his "home town." His paintings frequently appeared in the Salon in Paris and he is represented in the Luxembourg. In the war he served first in the Russian army and then with the French, always in the air service. A fall in an aeroplane resulted in injuries which forced him out of the army. He came to this country and for the last four years has made his home in Taos, New Mexico, where the Navajo Indians have offered him a fair substitute for the Mongolians, whom he says they resemble. During this time he has exhibited frequently in Chicago and New York.

Gaspard paints on silk mounted on a panel instead of on canvas. The silk is of Oriental make, not the very fine silk used by the Chinese painters, but coarser in weave. The effect is not unlike that of canvas at first glance but gives a quality in which there is brilliance without garishness, and a texture that is unusually pleasing.

Photographs by courtesy of the Milch Galleries



Ledge stone is used beautifully in this lodge for Phi Kappa Psi at Swarthmore

KARCHER AND SMITH, ARCHITECTS, PHILADELPHIA





VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM LOOKING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE LODGE

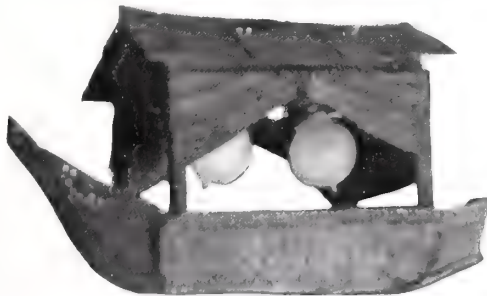
A New-Old Fraternity House

FEW new buildings are so fortunately situated as the lodge of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity at Swarthmore College, that supposedly Quaker but really non-sectarian institution of learning which is one of the educational jewels set in and around Philadelphia. The house nestles in a clump of ancient trees on the beautiful, rolling, wooded campus where bright, crisply pointed stone, paint with glaring freshness, metal with a persistent glimmer and an every-day, ordinary roof would seem to be all out of place and blatantly severe, but so great was the care taken in the designing of the building and in the selection of materials that these characteristics of a brand new building were eliminated and the structure at once harmonized with its surroundings and attained the air of tradition which dis-

Phi Kappa Psi's home at Swarthmore artfully belies youth, nesting harmoniously among ancient forest trees

tinguishes much older chapter houses of other colleges.

That this effort to produce the quaintness and appealing quality of age was successful is realized by all who view this building, for although it is only about one year old the house has that soft weathering and harmony with natural surroundings which ordinarily are evidences of age. One of the principal ways by which these effects were obtained was the rather uncommon use of hand-dressed local stone, as in this building the heads, jambs, sills and mullions of all openings; the water table, bay window cornice, buttress caps and upper part of the chimney were constructed of local stone hammered to shape by workmen on the site. This same, hand-wrought feeling was accentuated by the use of a



A LIGHTING FIXTURE OF HAMMERED METAL HUNG IN THE ENTRANCE HALL



THE INGLE NOOK IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LODGE

graduated slate roof with low eaves and rounded valleys above these unpointed and already seemingly old stone walls. Other touches which heightened this ancient effect was the use throughout of small, leaded glass casement windows and a battened and nail-studded heavy oak door. Grass already growing thickly between the flagstones of the little stone-walled terrace was another contribution of art to nature.

Then, to give a slight feeling of weirdness that might seem appropriate to a fraternity building, there is on the front door a brass knocker designed by the architects, Walter T. Karcher and Livingston Smith, of Philadelphia, as a medieval grotesque mask holding a bone in its broadly open mouth. When this bone is raised to knock, the closed eyelids of the grotesque open and radium-coated eyeballs glare at the caller day or night.

Until 1921 no fraternity was permitted to build a

therefore, properly designed, must not only accommodate the men and meet their requirements, but must be planned also for the convenience of their girl friends on such occasions as college teas and small dances. Bearing these conditions in mind, the architects evolved the lodge which now houses the men of Phi Kappa Psi at Swarthmore.

The entrance hall is small, for the sake of economy of space, and has as a distinctive feature a heavy solid oak stair. Each tread of this is a single, three inch, solid oak plank, while the newels are six-inch, solid oak posts. These give to the stair the quaint, craftsmanlike character noticeable in the exterior of the lodge, and, furthermore, the strength to withstand severe use by generations of college boys. A wide opening to the left of the hall leads to the living room, which measures twenty feet, six inches by forty feet and has a high raftered ceiling of two-inch



BRASS KNOCKER ON THE DOOR OF THE LODGE
DESIGNED AND MODELED BY THE ARCHITECTS

solid planks. These are supported by rafters measuring six by eight inches, and two heavy trusses held together by oak pins. All rafters and trusses were shaped with the adze. In keeping with this rough-hewn ceiling, all the wall plaster is exceedingly rough. The ceiling is a hazy, slightly grayish brown, while the walls have a dull buff tint. The fireplace has a hearth of stone which extends out four feet to the ends of the fireside settles. At its left is an ample bay window giving a broad view of the campus.

At the opposite end of the room is a balcony with double folding doors so arranged that when they are in one position, a gallery is formed for the use of an orchestra at dances, and when they are folded in another position, they form a small dormitory for the use of the caretaker or the accommodation of visiting friends and alumni.

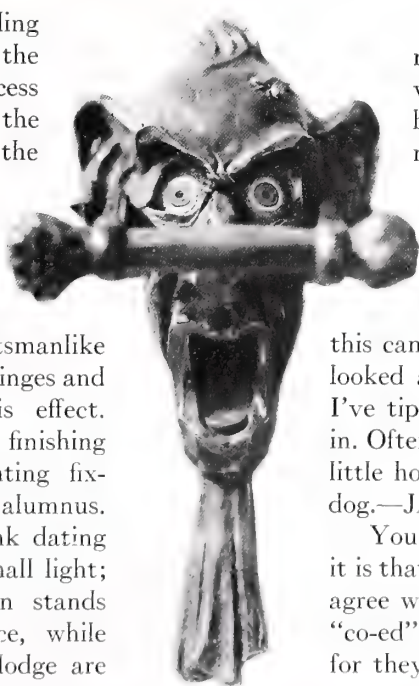
Opening from the living room on the first floor are two small doors, one leading to a kitchenette for the service of refreshments at social assemblages and the other leading to a study which is readily converted into a woman's dressing room during dances or the occasional teas.

The remainder of the building is equally simple. The stairs to the second floor of the lodge give access to one room with a bath and the minstrels' gallery, while in the basement is a billiard room.

Throughout the interior, as on the exterior, there was the same striving for quaint effect through the use of odd materials, thoughtful finish and craftsmanlike workmanship. The use of strap hinges and thumb latches heightened this effect. Most distinctive of these finishing touches, however, are the lighting fixtures, the donation of a generous alumnus. A battered, bronze Chinese junk dating from centuries ago serves as a hall light; an ancient processional lantern stands on either side of the fireplace, while through the remainder of the lodge are fixtures that harmonize with these more important features.



A CORNER OF THE TERRACE AND THE BAY WINDOW OF THE LODGE



THE EYES OPEN AND STARE WITH A BALEFUL LIGHT WHEN THE BONE IS LIFTED

This lodge was closed last summer while its occupants were on vacation. A few days after the beginning of the college year a note was found under the door by the caretaker. Opened, it read:

"I've been spending the summer at Swarthmore and often in the afternoons read under the beautiful trees of this campus. Each day as I've come, I've looked at your little lodge—many times I've tip-toed to the windows and looked in. Often I've thought I'd like to live in a little house just like this—just me and a dog.—JACK ROSE."

You may agree with Jack Rose. Certain it is that many young men at Swarthmore agree with him—or was it an admiring "co-ed" writing over a *nom de plume*?—for they spend all their leisure there, and occasionally a dog is admitted at the heels of one.

Inlaying Marble with Precious Stones

THIS illustration represents the marble pedestal, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on which rested the celebrated peacock throne of Shah Jahan, that Indian emperor who built the incomparable Taj Mahal. Its linear and floral decorations are of precious and semi-precious stones. The inlaying of stone or marble with marble, crystal, topaz, pearl, turquoise, carnelian, jade, coral, amethyst, bloodstone, carbuncle, sapphire, jasper, lapis lazuli, garnet, agate and chalcedony is an old art in India. It was evolved to break the monotony of the broad surfaces of the walls of palaces and other buildings. The earliest example is in a mosque built by Sultan Altamsh at Delhi in the Thirteenth Century, its red sandstone walls being



INLAID MARBLE PEDESTAL OF THE PEACOCK THRONE OF SHAH JAHAN

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

inlaid with tiles of white marble. The art reached its highest development in the Seventeenth Century in the reign of Shah Jahan. Many of his palaces at Agra and Delhi are decorated with jewels, and both the exterior and the interior of the Taj show extremely fine arabesques of inlay. In the reign of Aurangzeb, his favorite son and successor, a marble pavilion, called Naulakha because it cost nine lakhs of rupees, or about three hundred thousand dollars, was built at Lahore and decorated exquisitely in this manner. After the decline of the Mogul empire, the art began to decay. At present only small plaques of inlay are made because the demand for European architecture and decorations in India gives the inlayers no real scope for their work.

This art was derived from the more ancient art of mosaic work which the Saracens had learned from the Persians or the Byzantines and introduced into India about the Eleventh Century. The artist cuts thin slices of the precious stones in the forms which they are meant to represent, such as the petal of a flower, the eye of a bird, and imbeds these slices in sockets which he already has prepared in the marble. They are then cemented in place and in such a masterly way that one can not detect crack or joint, even with a magnifying glass. In other words, they look as if they had always been there, part of the marble.

The Wood-Carvers of Warmbrunn



"THE BULL"

SILESIA always has been the home of the wood-carver. In the little mountain villages the old men cut out wooden saints and devils for the mummers; the young men, fancy bowls for their big pipes; the little boys' their sisters' dolls. Many a piece of rude work done by a peasant has the touch of true art, and some of their naïve toys, painted in crude colors,



"THE DANCER"



delight us today in museums. Professor Hüllweck began to encourage this peasant talent in a school for wood-carving established near the watering-place Warmbrunn, and the illustrations show the surprising native talent evinced by the colony. The ability to realize his fancies in whittled wood lies deep in the blood of the German peasant.

—ETHEL TALBOT SHEFFAUER.

"CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN"



Photographs by
courtesy of
Parish Watson, Inc

"WOMAN CARRYING
A GIRL ON HER BACK"

ART in GREEK TERRA-GOTTA

To funerary objects, the world owes much of its knowledge of the art and also of the life of the peoples of the remote past. The simple statement of this fact calls to memory

the tombs of Egypt and archaic China and the stele of classical Greece, to mention only three instances in which art created to honor and preserve the records of individuals is rich in its revelations of the civilizations and cultures that evolved such impressive and exquisite things. Funerary art is either profoundly moving or very

Tanagra figurines valuable for their beauty and charm as well as for light cast on past centuries . . . by

William B. M'GORMICK

touching. The first effect is created by the Egyptian temples, the Greek stele, the tombs of the Renaissance or modern works like our own Saint-Gaudens' figure "Memory"; the

second, by either the naïve realism abounding in modern European cemeteries or the crudities of much of our Civil War memorial sculpture, pathos being evoked here as much by the decadence of art as by the contemplation of man's sepulchres.

Funerary art is static. It always has been so, save in the case of Phenicia and Greece, where



"SILENUS, BACCHUS AND GOAT"

was developed a type of sculptured figures that have come down to us in more perfect condition than almost any other form of Hellenic art and are richer in human interest and charm than is the art of any people before the Christian era, a type that tells us much of the religion, the habits and the costumes of the Greeks from the Fifth to the Third Centuries before Christ and which still has the power to cause its admirers or detractors to grow heated in discussion as to its importance, or lack of it, in the story of Greek art. These objects are the figures or groups of terra-cotta which the world generally speaks of as Tanagra figurines. Just why the mention of these two words should invariably cause an archeologist of a certain Greek school to curl his or her lip into an expression of mild disdain is not easy to explain, for these single figures and groups are unquestionably pure Greek, are admirable examples of popular sculpture—the "Rogers groups" of their day—and come to us in a remarkable state of preservation, other than in the case of their original coloring, owing to the fact that terra-cotta is almost proof against decay. Yet this prejudice does exist to the

extent that almost the last collection that certain art museums advertise is that of its Tanagra figurines. It is to be regretted that this condition



"TOILET SCENE BY THE FOUNTAIN"
FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.

prevails since it tends to prevent many persons from learning just how truly representative of Greek life, during a period of at least two centuries, these generally tiny figures are, to say nothing of what they represent in their wider cultural aspect.

European acquisition of Tanagra figurines is of comparatively modern date, for the British Museum had none before 1874, while in our country the collecting of them goes back not much more than thirty years. Abroad there have been such famous private collections of these terra-cottas as those associated with the names of Henri de Morgan, Spitzer, Greau and Lecuyer, while in the United States there have been fine groups assembled by Edward C. Moore, Henry G. Marquand, Cyrus J. Lawrence, Matthew Borden, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Brayton Ives, Thomas B. Clarke, Stanford White, Martin Ryerson, P. A. B. Widener, H. O. Havemeyer, Edson Bradley, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and James W. Ellsworth, each one of these names representing a notably high standard among



"STRUGGLE OF A CENTAUR AND A LAPITHE FOR THE CAPTURE OF A GIRL"
THIRD CENTURY, B. C.



"SAPPHO"
THIRD CENTURY, B. C.

the world's amateurs in art. It is a curious illustration of the shadow that has overhung these charming figurines that to most of us each of these great collectors' names is connected with some especially fine group of art objects, such as the Lawrence stained glass or Baryé bronzes and the Widener paintings, whereas we scarcely know of their possession of such remarkable groups of Greek terra-cottas as that in the Havemeyer collection or that, until recently, in Colonel Ellsworth's possession. The Ellsworth collection, which lately passed from possession of the man who formed it into that of Parish Watson, of New York, represented a task in selection covering a period of at least twenty years. All the pieces have a distinguished provenance, coming, as they did, from such great collections as those of Spitzer and others, but their importance does not rest so much on this adventitious factor as it does on the very remarkable beauty of the groups themselves and their size. These are their great qualities.

Archeologists have traced the use of these figurines, beginning with purely archaic forms as funeral offerings in Cyprus, from the period in the history of that island when its art was influenced by Assyrian and



"WELCOME TO THE CHILD BY THE GODS"

THIRD CENTURY, B. C.

Persian styles, through the Phenico-Egyptian era, to that of the Greeks and finally to the forms of the Roman times. These earlier figurines showed precisely the same development as did those of the Greeks centuries later. At first they represented gods and goddesses only, but the modelers of the figurines in the Phenician era began to develop genre groups. In Greece itself, the figurines followed these same steps in development, the hieratic types of primitive gods and goddesses being succeeded in the Fifth and Fourth Centuries by the genre figures and groups such as those with which we are specifically concerned here. These figurines, owing to the prevalence of standing or seated young women, came to be known as "maidens," and the craftsmen who modeled them were called coroplasts, a name derived from two Greek words meaning "girl" and "form." Even in those days the coroplast and his work were held in little favor in the art world, possibly for the same reason that makes many critical spirits deprecate the mantel ornaments of modern Parisian sculptors. The coroplast, as set forth by the standard authority on

such a work is surpassed in grace by the unique group "Woman Carrying a Girl on Her Back" or the vision of "Hercules and Omphale" with its grave splendor of the gods as human beings.



"HERCULES AND OMPHALE"
THIRD CENTURY, B. C.

figurines, was evidently an early follower of the idea of "quantity production" for he modeled the body, head and arms separately so they could be attached at will or to suit a buyer's individual preferences for form.

The Greek idea of the closeness of their gods to themselves in every phase of their daily life is beautifully and touchingly shown in the Third-Century group, "Welcome to the Child by the Gods," with Bacchus standing behind the mother and Mercury and Venus facing her. Long familiarity with the single figures of the "maidens" prepares us for the exquisite grace of the two feminine figures in the "Toilet Scene by the Fountain" although no public collection can equal it. Even

WHERE PRINTING IS AN ART

"To John Henry Nash, the greatest printer of modern times," runs the dedication of a recent publication of a discriminating and widely experienced bibliophile. The

subject of this encomium works in a small and cluttered shop in San Francisco, and from under his hand have issued fully a hundred examples of printing as an art. The very idea of printing as an art comes as a surprise to a generation that does most of its reading in two-cent newspapers, five-cent to twenty-five-cent magazines and novels that are run off by the hundred thousand copies. The production of a book has come to be regarded more like the manufacture of shoes than the work of an artist. Yet, time was when printing achieved great honor at the hands of noted masters, and here and there throughout the world there still are craftsmen, like Nash, devoted to the old, high traditions, producing for a small but exacting clientele.

The problem of the fine printer begins with the type. Each single letter must be beautiful in design and drawing, right in the proportions of its parts, in the weight of its outlines, in the degree of its curves. A minute deviation in so small and delicate a design can make a destructive difference. Moreover, the letters must be beautiful in combination and in all of the different combinations in which they may be found. A "u" that fits gracefully into the curving tail of a capital "Q" may look hard and isolated beside a "j."

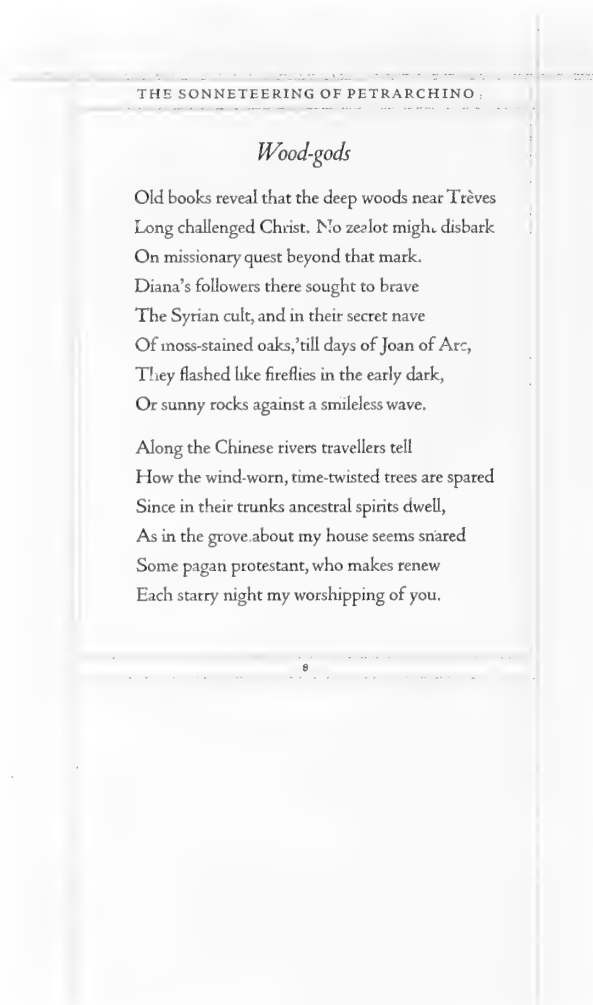
John Henry Nash in his little shop in San Francisco revives the old standards of typography . . . by
PHYLLIS AGKERMAN

Again, letters that when drawn singly are exquisite often refuse to fall into the close relations that are necessary to make each word a unit, or, on the other hand, they sometimes inter-

lock so closely that they are hard to decipher. Perhaps, again, an alphabet will repeat certain lines or curves so insistently that in a solid page these begin to swirl and dazzle the reader. The

designer must achieve the balance between close unity and easy clarity. Furthermore, a design of type that is good in one size may be poor when enlarged or diminished, for a change in scale involves also a change in the proportions of the parts and in the emphases. Also, a type that is beautiful in one language may be awkward in appearance in another where the combinations of letters are different and where there is a change, too, in the frequency of occurrence of certain letters. Thus a language like the Welsh, in which there are many consonants and frequent long series of consonants, would require different designs for the letters than the English or the French, for example, in which the vowels have the largest incidence and

serve as links between the consonants. Hence, it is necessary to adapt the type to the language. An even more subtle adjustment, moreover, should be made between the type and the subject. The Orientals, who have developed chirography to a fine art, would be shocked at the idea of rendering an epic of war, a religious law and love



PAGE FROM "THE SONNETEERING OF PETRARCHINO"
PRINTED BY JOHN H. NASH

Notes on South America with Variations! From

92

I have never seen such impossibly kept property streets that are so much clean enough to cut off, parks where not a flower seems allowed to grow on the ground, beautiful flowers and trees everywhere, on either side of the streets. The houses, the shops, even to the very self same knobs where the papers are sold, and many other such things are just Paris, absolutely Paris. The parks, squares, like the Plaza, even to the little island in the centre of the lake. We didn't see many people out driving, as it is a holiday, a time of year that in a country where every one takes siestas. The public buildings and especially the residences are magnificent. These last are architecturally very like the more beautiful private houses in Paris, many of them have lovely gardens, though I don't imagine these are at their best, just at the beginning of winter here now. To me the whole city is one of unimpaired beauty.

We dined in the hotel, and afterward a man whom Walter introduced to Virginia as Mr. Iguana, and whose real name was Mr. Escobar, took us out to the Yacht Club and afterward to see a famous "paseo" dance.

WE STARTED out on a shopping expedition this morning in the Florida, the Rue de la Paix of Buenos Aires. The shops were delightful, full of beautiful things, but prohibitively expensive. I've never seen handiwork jewelry anywhere; however, the jewels and the *objet d'art* and everything else could only be had for exorbitant sums, so we spent a great deal of time but very little money! The shopkeepers were most amiable and quite willing to show their wares even though we didn't show much sign of buying them; in fact we spent most of the time abusing ourselves and each other for not having bought lots of things we had seen in Cuzco and Arequipa which are about ten times more expensive here. Virginia and Jack were

San Francisco to New York on Board the CYPRUS

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looking at a silver box in an Antique shop in the Florida, and asked the man if he had any larger ones. He shook his head but promised to tell them that he knew where he could procure a beautiful old silver trunk which he himself had bought from a junk and had since sold to a dealer in Santiago. He brought out two photographs of it and it proved to be the identical box Jack brought home with him in Santiago. Of course the dealer was tremendously interested when he heard that the box was in Jack's possession and proceeded to tell him how valuable it was and how lucky he was to have found it.

They do not allow any carriages or motors to drive through the Florida between the hours of five and seven, and almost the entire population of Buenos Aires walks up and down the middle of the street looking into the shop windows and principally eyeing each other. Why they choose this narrow street for their promenade I can't imagine when they have so many beautiful parks. Walter and Doctor Allen wouldn't miss it for anything.

We dined at the Plaza and went afterward to an Italian Opera with Señor "Iguana." The music was very pretty and it was quite enjoyable on the whole, but a pressing engagement made it impossible for us to remain for more than two acts! Walter and Mary gave a Tango Exhibition in the tea room of the Plaza with supper afterward. Mr. Tango, a funny, squareish little fat man, wore with his Tuxedo, a décolleté shirt with a Rah-Rah "Sport" turned-over soft collar, which caused some amusement in the party. Miss Tango was rather a pretty but very buxom lass, dressed all in black silk and lace with which she wore high black walking shoes! They danced very well together in spite of the peculiarities of their costumes, but not so well as when "Clarence Tango" danced with either Virginia or Mary. I was fearful for awhile, lest the lady should "draw

PAGES FROM "NOTES ON SOUTH AMERICA"

lyrics in the same form of lettering, and there is no reason why the more mechanical art of printing should not be made, so far as possible, equally sensitive to distinction of subjects.

When the type is chosen, the next problem is in its composition. The page must be regular and even but still graceful and flexible. Absolute mechanical evenness is not aesthetically satisfactory for it fails to make provision for vagaries of the eye. To make a letter with a round base like an "O" look as if it was on the line with a letter with a square base like an "L" it must actually be dropped below the line. Similarly, pointed letters like "W" and "V" must go below the line to look as if they were exactly on it. These are matters for the consideration of the designer of the type, but others rest with the compositor. A thin letter like "T" or "I" must be put closer to the adjoining letters than a bulky letter like "M" or "W," for the slight one will always seem to have greater space about it. The relation of the length of the line on a page to the size of the type, of the width of the margins to the size of the type and of the page, the spacing of the words within the line so that the even ending of the latter is natural and without uncomfortable gaps or compressions—all these problems and many more test

San Francisco to New York on Board the CYPRUS

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shop in the Florida, and asked the man if he had any larger ones. He shook his head but promised to tell them that he knew where he could procure a beautiful old silver trunk which he himself had bought from a junk and had since sold to a dealer in Santiago. He brought out two photographs of it and it proved to be the identical box Jack brought home with him in Santiago. Of course the dealer was tremendously interested when he heard that the box was in Jack's possession and proceeded to tell him how valuable it was and how lucky he was to have found it.

Tuesday
April 25th

FULL SIZE DETAIL OF PAGE SHOWN ABOVE
PRINTED BY JOHN H. NASH

the skill of the printer. The paper, too, offers another opportunity for the exercise of taste, the quality of the paper being determined by the size of the book, its character and subject matter and the style of the type. Similarly, the binding must be consistent with the whole character of the publication, and every detail of ornamentation must be selected and placed with as much care as a painter uses in selecting and placing an object in a thoughtfully composed picture. The end of all this planning is not that the book shall be as ornamental as possible, but that it shall be superbly readable. No true printer turns his work into decoration. He does not convert his book into a beautiful design, but rather he designs a beautiful book. Like all good craftsmen, he stays strictly within the limitations of his medium and he

LIFE OF DANTE

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO'S ENCOMIUM ON DANTE OR
"TRATTATULLO IN LAUDE DI DANTE" [COMMONLY
KNOWN AS THE LIFE OF DANTE] TRANSLATED FROM
THE ITALIAN BY PHILIP HENRY WICKSTEED, M.A.

SOME men, it is said, are born to be great, and some to be small. Common wealth must go or stand upon two feet, like
... of which, with respect to the right foot
... that fault had been committed to go unpunished,
... either of the two feet were withdrawn by vice or negligence, or were less
... than well preserved, without doubt that Common wealth which so far
... must needs so hurt, and in truth, should be faulty in both the two,
... we must hold it as most certain that it would have no power to stand up
... Moved then by this so grave or by and so clearly true
... opinion, many excellent and ancient people did honour to men of worth,
... sometimes by deifying them, sometimes by a noble statue, often by illus-
... trious obsequies, and sometimes by a triumphal arch, or again by a laurel
... crown, according to the deserts that had preceded. The punishments, on
... the other hand, inflicted on the guilty, I care not to rehearse. Furthered by
... which honours and punishments, Assyria, Macedonia, Greece, and lastly the
... North with their achieve-
... ments, and the stars with their fame. But the footprints which they left in
... to lofty examples have not only been ill followed by their successors of
... the present day, and most of all by my own Florentines, but have been so
... far departed from that ambition has got hold of every reward that belongs
... to virtue. Wherefore I, and whoever else will look upon all this with the
... eye of reason, may perceive, not without extreme anguish of mind, evil
... and perverse men exalted to high places and to the supreme offices and
... rewards, and the good exiled, crushed and humiliated. To the which things
... what end the judgment of God may, I as in store let them consider who

turn the helm of this ship; for we, the humbler throng, are tossed indeed
on the stormy tide, but have no share in the offence. And although what
I have said above might be made good by countless instances of ingrati-
tude or of absolute pardon, patent to all, yet (the least to expose our faults,
and also to come at my main purpose) it shall suffice me to have recounted
a single one. Nor shall this one be little or of small account, for I am to re-
cord the exile of that most illustrious man, Dante Alighieri. And how
much good this ancient citizen, born of no obscure parents, had deserved
by his virtue, by his knowledge and by his good deeds, is shown and shall
be shown sufficiently by the things that we see he wrought; the which, had
they been done in a just city, without doubt should have prepared for him
the most distinguished rewards. O! Oh thought of infamy, oh shameful
deed, oh miserable example, open proof of ruin to come! Instead of these
rewards were meted out to him unjust and rabid condemnation, perpetual
exile, alienation of his paternal goods, and, had it been possible, the tain-
ing of his most glorious name by false accusations. Which things, in some
part, the fresh footprints of his flight, his bones buried in an alien city and
his children scattered in alien homes, still clearly shew to us. If all the
other things Florence hath wrought could be hidden from the all-seeing
eyes of God, would not this one suffice to call down his wrath upon her?
Yea, verily! But who hath counterwise been exalted, I hold it seemly to
leave in silence. So that, if we look aright, not only hath the present world
departed from the path of the former, whereof I spoke but now, but it
hath utterly turned its feet the other way. Wherefore it is manifest enough
that if, counter to the above mentioned opinion of Solon, we and the rest
who live in like manner stand on our feet without falling, the cause can
be no other save that by long wont the very nature of things hath been
changed, as we see many times come to pass; or it is a special miracle,
whereby God for some merit in our past sustains us, against all human
counsel; or it is his patience, which perchance awaits our repentance, if
the which do not follow at the last let no man doubt but that his wrath,
which advances with slow step to its vengeance, holds in store for us tor-
ment so much the heavier as to make full amends for its delay. But since,
however much ill deeds appear to go unpunished, we ought not only to
flee from them, but also by well-doing to strive to make amends for them,
therefore, recognising that I myself am a part, though but a small one, of

PAGES FROM BOCCACCIO'S "LIFE OF DANTE"

PRINTED BY JOHN H. NASH

develops its possibilities only in accordance with its use and the purpose which it must serve.

Nash's work has grown increasingly severe in his adherence to this strict ideal of craftsmanship. He first eliminated illustrations from his publications, not because illustrations have no place in a book but because, to have a place, they must be consistent with the volume in every aspect, sustain the same line quality as the type, have the same strength or delicacy as the paper and the make-up and be as expressive of the subject, and it is exceedingly difficult to find an illustrator who can and will co-operate with the printer. The modern illustrator either considers, if he has attained personal fame, that the book exists to exploit his pictures, or he is a hack artist who takes for granted that his job is simply to convey the author's idea. The printer and the book as a work of art are left quite out of account. Ornament, too, Mr. Nash has tended more and more to discard and for the same reason. *The Sonneteering of Petrarchino*, issued in 1921, has only a simple scheme of lines enclosing the type, an almost essential frame for it because it makes a definite scale to emphasize the conventional form of the

verse and causes the structure of the sonnet to stand out clearly to the eye. In his last publication, *Life of Dante*, which is just out, he has come to pure printing, to a beauty of line, color and space derived entirely from composition and type. Even the initial letters are severely simple. This same care is shown in every detail, the pages being numbered with fine, clean, black figures, and the sections with Roman numerals printed in red to give a sharp color accent on the black and white.

In selecting his type, Nash relies almost entirely on the classical designers, importing fonts from all parts of the world to fill his special needs. The type for the *Life of Dante* is a recutting of a Jenson which he obtained in Italy. His paper, too, he imports from every source, many of his books being on hand-made Italian stocks, while Japan has provided charming covers in a shadow printed fibre paper. He relies on classic types only because he has found no modern designs that even approach them in beauty and fitting utility. He is steeped in the traditions of his art. In a little room off his crowded workshop is a small but precious library of his masters—a leaf from a Gutenberg Bible, Jenson's *Eusebius*, and many other noted examples

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I

SOLON, whose bosom was reputed a human temple of divine wisdom, and whose most sacred laws still stand as an illustrious witness of ancient justice to the men of to-day, was often wont to say (as some affirm) that every Commonwealth must go or stand upon two feet; like as do we ourselves; of which, with ripe sagacity, he declared the right foot to be the allowing of no fault that had been committed to go unpunished, and the left the rewarding of every good deed; whereto he added that if either of the two feet were withdrawn by vice or negligence, or were less than well preserved, without doubt that Commonwealth which so fared must needs go halt; and if by ill chance it should be faulty in both the two,

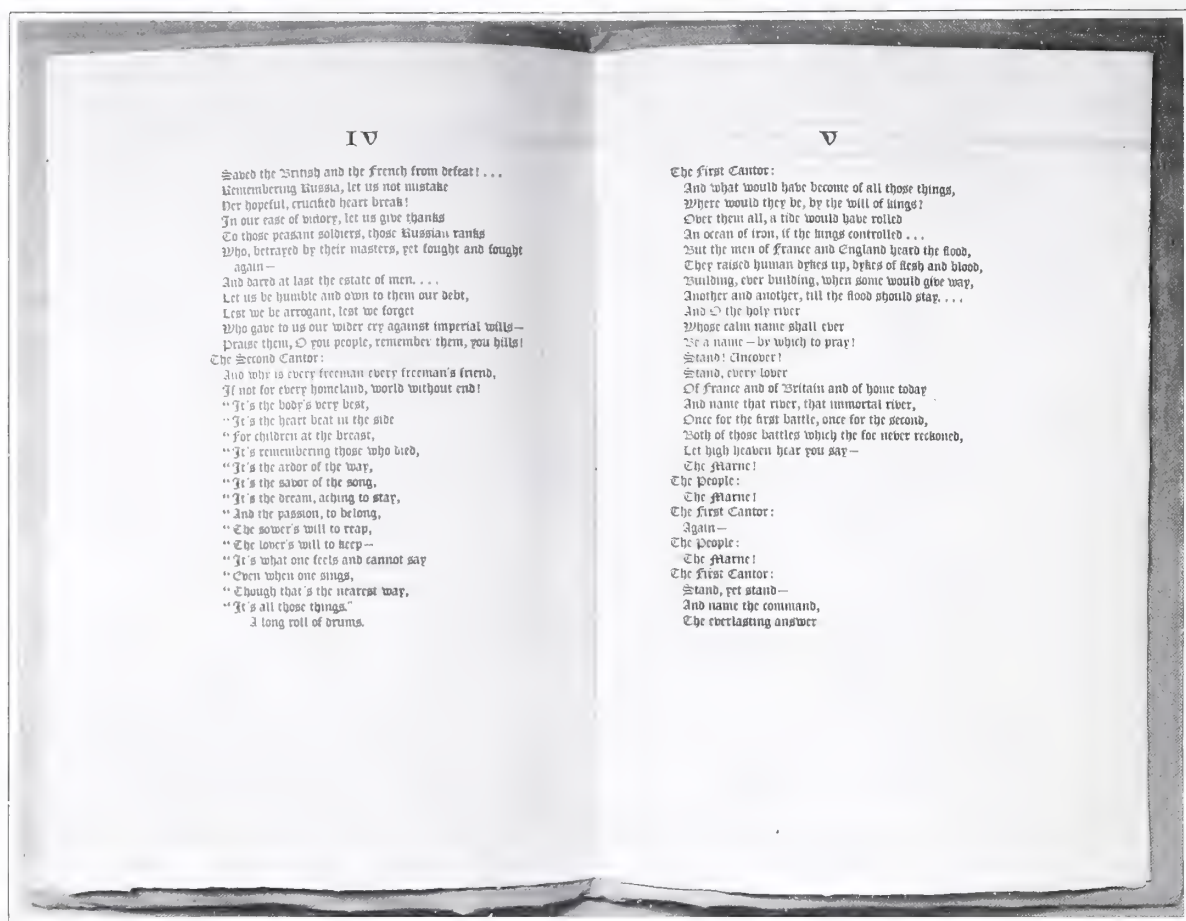
FULL SIZE DETAIL FROM A PAGE OF THE "LIFE OF DANTE"

as well as examples of the finest modern productions such as those of the Doves Press, William Morris, the De Vinne Press and others that cater to lovers of books as works of art. There are besides, of course, many treatises on the art of printing from the beginning down to yesterday. At the same time, Nash is a practical printer, educated in his trade and experienced in all branches of it. In this he has the advantage over many others who have aspired to be fine printers but came to the work as amateurs. For twenty-five years he has been turning out leaflets and books, and while he always has kept his best interest for the jobs that permitted artistic composition without too many limitations, he has known, too, the practical and even the commercial side of the business of publishing.

Intimate familiarity with the history of printing, even when combined with a wide practical experience, is, however, not enough to make a printer who is an artist. He must have, in addition, personal taste, for, as Jaugeon wisely said in one of the first treatises on the art, the final determinant is the eye. The judgment of appreciative perception can not be reduced to any rule. This taste, moreover, must, for the best results,

embrace the matter as well as the form, must include an understanding of literature so that the make-up will be in harmony with the character and the quality of the text. It is significant that the book on which Nash has done his most perfect work, Boccaccio's *Life of Dante*, he has long loved, and when he was working on the composition he would become so absorbed in reading it that he would forget to go on with his work. Given knowledge, experience and taste, the final requisites are care, time, patience. On the preparation of even a slim book, Nash spends many months in experiment and correction. A page is set and several proofs are struck to be hung on the walls where he will see them at odd moments. A chance glance will sometimes reveal a small defect that eludes long study. Several pages in succession may be satisfactory, and then will come one which refuses to fall into the rhythm of the spacing. Back he goes and starts again, two, three, four pages earlier, shifting his composition so that the text of this one page will fall easily into place, for one poor page, no matter how perfect are the other ninety-nine, will make a less than perfect book.

And what, if anything, do these books, made for a selected public in especially favorable con-



PAGES FROM A "CANTICLE OF PRAISE" BY WITTER BYNNER

PRINTED BY JOHN H. NASH

ditions, mean for the craft of printing in general? They mean that standards are being kept and ideals maintained, that models for fine work are set; that, as a result, there is constant and stimulating discussion about the problems of printing; that, in short, printing as an art is kept alive to be a beacon light to printing as a kind of manufacture. And this is, indeed, a greater factor in the cultivation of public taste than may perhaps be realized. In the vast number of magazines issued, as well as

in other periodicals, are vaster numbers of advertisements. Most of these are designed by men who are students of typography as well as of psychology and who, recognizing the value of pleasing ocular sensations, are keen to see and to adopt whatever of artistic worth they may find in other publications. Thus the eye of the public is trained, insensibly perhaps but none the less effectively, in the harmonies of the printed line and page and an appreciation of the typographic art.

On next and following pages are reproduced

TWO DRAWINGS OF FIGURES

by

Arthur B. Davies

Recently exhibited at the Montross Gallery







"THE BRIDGE"

BY MAX PECHSTEIN

MODERN ART *in* GERMANY

IN a few weeks there will be opened at the Anderson Galleries in New York an exhibition of modern German art which Dr. W. R. Valentiner, expert and writer on art, selected

from examples submitted to him by the artists a year ago. For him it is a confession of faith. He, acknowledged authority on giants like Rembrandt and exponent of their work to our generation, sees in these manifestations of German art "a rebirth of the human soul," as almost a year ago he himself expressed it in an article in *The Art News*. As his searching book, *Art and Religion*, witnesses, he always has been able, as few others have, not only to live the life of the artist of whom he treats but also to appreciate fully his spiritual and material surroundings which, to a certain extent at least, explain to us the artist's work and tendencies.

Now, in the case of the modern German art, Valentiner has lived, body and soul, as it were,

*Representative work selected
by Dr. W. R. Valentiner for
exhibition in New York
shows national spirit · by
F. E. Washburn Freund*

spirit and the senses, its longing for the resurrection of the soul out of a purgatory of conflicting emotions caused by the terrible storms that have swept over the country and almost destroyed it. If, then, such a man says that "Germany, defeated in war, humiliated, impoverished, torn by revolution and counter-revolution, finds in art a refuge and, through art, will justify her claims to real greatness, turning to the inner beauties of life, the mysticism and symbolism, and, in doing so, evolving a new school of painting and sculpture," it will put persons in this country, so far as they are interested in the development of art abroad, into the right frame of mind and, as it were, tune their eyes to the right key so that they will be able

through its most important phase; has participated in its despairs and hopes, its exuberant feelings, its passionate searches after truth, its striving after peace and calmness of the



"THE GOOD SAMARITAN"

BY HEINRICH NAUMEN

not only to see and, in seeing, understand what these artists are bending all their energies and gifts of soul and sense (if I may say so) to express, but also to sympathize with their pangs of creating and to learn to appreciate, perhaps even to like, some, at least, of the fruits of their labor.

As a matter of fact, the field for such understanding and appreciation is already prepared, at least for that part of our public which has come to see the so-called modernists as exponents of a new spirit and a new truth—new at least for our much tormented time. They will find in the works of these German artists many analogies, similar tendencies, and ways and means of trying to reach the goal which they have set for themselves. And that is only to be expected, for, of course, the *Zeitgeist*, with its stern demands and eager wants, permeates everywhere the souls and hearts of men and especially the souls of the prophets of the people—in other words, the artists—and makes them beat in the same or at least a similar rhythm, thus opening them to receive the message

which comes on the wings of a kindred *Weltgefühl* (world spirit), as is the case with radio if the set is tuned in the right way. And if, quite unconsciously, this public feels, in many of the exhibits, an almost overwhelming exuberance of spirit, of expanding feeling, of an altogether fanatical boring to reach the very core of things, let it consider only for a moment that here is the art of a people which, in the space of a few years, through the fate that was meted out to it, has lived the life of our time a hundred times more intensely and acutely than the peoples of this, taken all in all, almost happy transoceanic hemisphere.

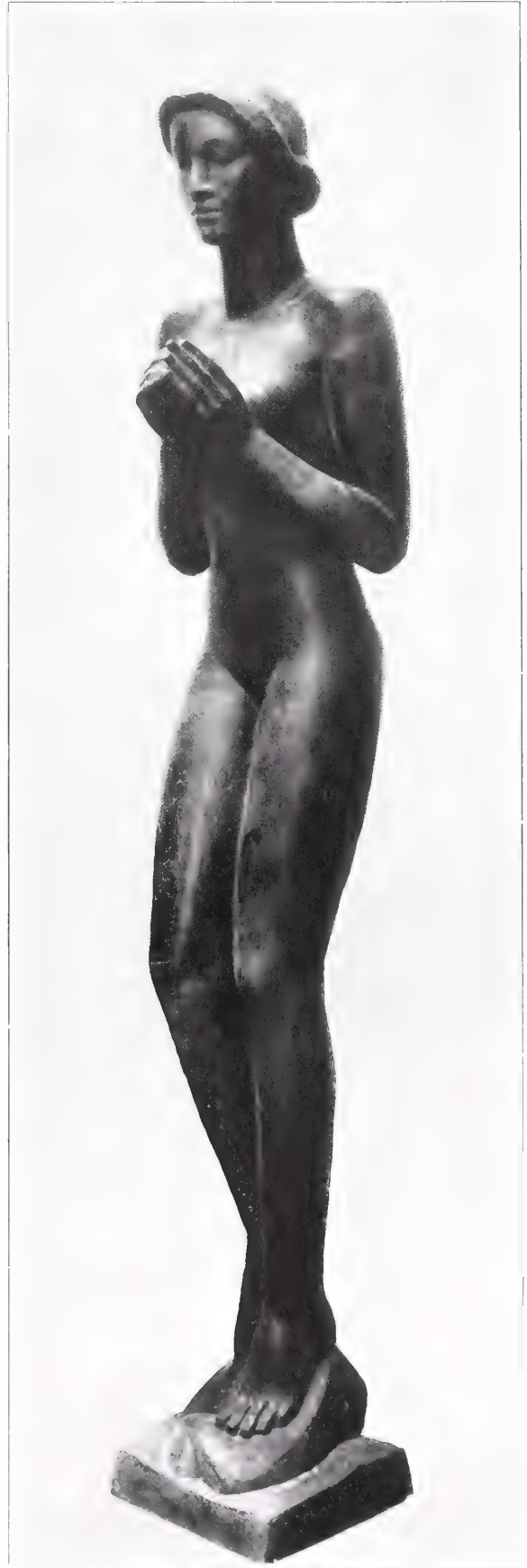
The art as shown in the coming exhibition, however, is not exactly an outcome of the war and the revolution, political as well as mental, that followed it. Real artists are always in advance of their time, and thus the German artists had felt the world catastrophe, which, as we now know, was inevitable for so many reasons, approaching years before the first gun was fired. Their principal godfather in those early days had been that



"CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM"
BRONZE BY RICHARD SCHEIBE

"Strindberg of the brush," Vincent Van Gogh, whose tormented soul wanted to take upon itself, as it were, all the sins and impurities of his time and dissipate them in the fiery glory of the intensest colors, which were to him as the songs of the spheres. There are, of course, other influences discernible in modern German art, such as, in point of outward style and form, Matisse and Picasso. A great moving force has also been the Scandinavian artist Edward Munch, but the entire movement, almost from the beginning, was so much the innermost and spontaneous expression of the artists who embraced it that it can rightly be called a genuinely national art, taking its main nourishment out of the native soul and giving in return a great stimulus to all who had eyes to see and a mind to comprehend that which was beheld.

The somewhat outworn term "Expressionism" has often been applied to this and parallel movements, and, for want of a better single descriptive word, it is perhaps best to retain it, for it gives, on the whole at least, the attitude of the artist toward his own self and the world surrounding him, and from that attitude always spring the various kinds and styles of art. There is in this



"ASSUNTA"

BRONZE BY GEORG KOLBE



"LANDSCAPE"

WATER COLOR BY EMIL NOLDE

exhibition, for instance, a picture called "Early Morning" by Max Pechstein, one of the principal landscapists of the modern German school. The title makes one almost think of a landscape by an impressionistic painter, but whereas the latter would get up early, betake himself with all his materials to some special spot and then do his best to paint that spot as it appeared to him at that particular sunrise, Pechstein's "Early Morning" is the early morning as it lived in his imagination. Out of his imagination he created the scene: the primordial colors (to call them thus) red and green, which are in constant contrast with each other and yet, in complementing each other, make for harmony, as the morning is the promise of the day to come—these colors pervade the canvas to meet the wondering eye of the awakening spirit. Here is where artists of this school walk on common ground with the Chinese landscapist of the great period of Chinese painting, each wanting to embody in palpitating rhythms and shimmering colors what lives and beats in his heart. But whereas the happy Chinese artist of a happy time appears to us almost like a creating god himself, the modern artist must feel happy, if, as Goethe expresses it so poignantly, a god gives him the means, in his art, to say what he is suffering and,

in doing so, to relieve himself of his suffering. As already hinted, most of the modern German art is that kind of relief, a cry wrung from the bottom of the heart of a soul in pain; sometimes, although seldom enough, of one in the joy of a great vision.

There are two main currents in this new art. The one might be called the emotional and the other, the mental, or, as E. von Sydow in his book on German Expressionism, *Furche Verlag*, calls it, the "abstract" one. He subdivides these two currents again, but for our purpose I think the division into two parts will suffice. It is, after all, the old division into Apollonic and Bacchic art. Only an artist who, in his personality, combines both currents would represent his time fully and belong to the immortals. There is, it is true, not such a one yet to be found among the numerous modern German artists. Perhaps the most typical of them is Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, a kind of artist-Faust who, with an intense but cold, almost icy, abstract passion builds up mental visions in strong, virile lines, behind which seems always to lurk a theory, a *Weltanschauung*, an idea. The naïveté of the creating artist who listens to the inner voices and whose hand moves to the rhythm of his pulse is not in him; instead of that, an intense will power with which he wants to force his

art to give shape to his ideas. Such characters are frequent in German art, not only of the brush. The great poet and dramatist, Hebbel, belonged to them. They suffer, like Ibsen, too, from a plethora of the manly principle; are too much only man, whereas the greatest artist must, in a way, combine the characteristics of both sexes. But the unswerving energy and honesty with which artists like Schmidt-Rottluff follow the narrow paths which they have chosen must arouse admiration for them as artists and men.

Schmidt-Rottluff, as many of his confrères, is not only a painter but also works in black and white, principally on wood. His wood cuts, often of religious subjects, show an immense energy of line, compared with which the similar work of others appears, in most cases, to be rather weak and undecided. It is as if he had found in his wood cuts the right medium for his peculiar art. In them he can wield his knife as in a veritable combat, and the result is like the outcome of such almost terrifying fights with spirits within and around him. There is often something harrowing in his work. One almost feels a kind of pity for this soul in distress, and yet again one knows that such pity would be misplaced, for here a soul is wrestling for its deliverance, knowing that it can be redeemed only if it carries out to the bitter end the fight that it has undertaken. All this and, of course, the sufferings of the times are the reason why, for Schmidt-Rottluff and many other artists, religious subjects have an inevitable attraction. But they are all freed of all fetters of church or dogma, although still attached to the founder of the Christian faith and its other great personages, who are all, however, seen from a new angle, as it were. Through them, too, they can settle accounts with their time and contemporaries, so to speak, and hold up a mirror to them; into them they can put all their fears and hopes. To the mental current of the movement belongs also Heinrich Nauen, whose "Good Samaritan" is here pictured. It is an interesting study, in planes principally, and, if it were followed up in the right way and spirit, might have become a painting full of deeply religious and human feeling, but it has remained a sketch, as is so often the case with modern work.

Leo Feininger, an American who has lived in Germany many years, is an artist of great and sharp intellect and vitality. In his water colors he reminds one somewhat of Marin. His "Street Cleaner" shows clever and playful humor and a fine feeling for color. Readers who saw the German film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" when it was presented in New York will recognize in the picture the source of the scenery used in that

extraordinary "movie" play. The somewhat odd title of a comedy by the dramatist Christian Dietrich Grabbe (who lived in the early part of the Nineteenth Century), *Joke, Satire, Irony, and Deeper Meaning*, characterizes Feininger's art well. There is no lack of satirists among these artists. The aberrations of the times simply cry out for them. Georg Gross is one of the number. No *Schieber* (war-profitteer), no doubtful character of any kind is safe from his needle-sharp pen.

The principal representative of the emotional current is Emil Nolde, whose landscapes, like the one in water color reproduced here, are real visions of large forms, color and light never seen on land or sea. They are painted *a la furioso*, as if the artist had been afraid that the inner voice might suddenly stop and had wanted to catch its essence at least. In that way, their very strength and simplicity of outline and their burning intensity of color in marvelous, strange and daring harmonies give to them a quality of nervousness that, to some, increases their power of persuasion. A bold landscapist of this kind is the veteran artist of the entire movement, Christian Rohlf, a man well on in the seventies. He feels, for instance, autumn in his blood, and under his brush, in a riot of colors, a gigantic tree shoots up, spreading its branches and making us breathe the crisp autumn air.

On the whole, and quite naturally, landscape is not with these artists the favorite subject that it was with their precursors, the impressionists, but, as a symbol for a state of mind and heart, the expressionists, who are, in the nature of their art, the greatest anthropomorphists, like to revert to landscape painting. Some of the finest of such pictures selected for the exhibition are water colors. This is not surprising, for water color is the medium in which the modern artist finds himself most able to do his most characteristic work. There is something spontaneous, momentous and, at the same time, experimental in water-color painting, and this goes well with the mood of these artists. Besides water-color painting of great variety—in spite of the common derivation, there are numerous well defined personalities amongst these artists—designs in black and white, especially wood blocks, like one by Pechstein called "Storm-swept Sea," play an important role in German art today, showing how near to the native soil this movement really is. Whenever there was an important epoch of original art in Germany, as in Dürer's time, designing in black and white came to the front, the German in his make-up being, on the whole, more a designer than a painter.

The sculpture, of which only a few examples could be included in the exhibition, follows the

same trend as the other arts: namely, toward abstract simplification and, at the same time, intensification. Unfortunately, because only living artists are to be represented, the greatest of the modern German sculptors, W. Lehmbruck, who died as a young man a few years ago, can not be studied here, but residents of New York have been able to see at least one of his works at Mr. Bourgeois' gallery, where it was exhibited a year or so ago and received the praise of all cognoscenti. In it, Lehmbruck built out of the body of a young girl a real temple in which the soul, coming from God, could dwell. Richard Scheibe's animals make one sometimes think a little of Gaston Lachaise. They respect the fundamental form and significance of the animal represented but treat it with the greatest freedom of rhythm and movement. His "Christ Entering Jerusalem" concentrates entirely on the intense feeling overshadowed with foreboding. Everything else is sacrificed to that one point. By far the most important of the sculptors to be represented in the show is Georg

Kolbe, concerning whom Dr. Valentiner wrote an illustrated monograph a year or so ago, analyzing his work, its style and development as well as its psychic significance. His words about Kolbe's "Assunta" are born of the warmest admiration and understanding. In contrast with this, several of his earlier works, such as "The Crouching Girl," show figures bound and enslaved—in this case by heavy sleep—yet already with a great longing for freedom, as in the upturned face. Note also the entirely realistic rendering of all the forms as contrasted with the later figure, "Assunta," with its emphases such as elongated limbs which give the impression of an irresistible upward movement. In "Assunta," the pure form of a girl rising as if compelled by its own inner force and destiny and simplified only so far as to eliminate any vestige of its being derived from some special personality, there lives the artist's hope for his country and his message of good omen to his people that, after a period of pain, dissolution, shame and horror, there will come the resurrection.

"THE RED CHURCH"

BY W. R. HUTH



When SHERATON Paid a Debt

IT IS one of the little ironies of fate that while posterity should have acclaimed Thomas Sheraton as the creator of the style of cabinetry which bears his name, yet in his day in London

even the common means of subsistence was denied to him. In this compensation—a posthumous one, be it noted—posterity, in the usual way, has gone too far and credited Sheraton beyond his deserts.

Sheraton was a native of Stockton-on-Tees, that municipal borough and seaport of County Durham, eleven miles northeast of Darlington. He is known to us definitely as the author of *The Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Drawing Book*, *Cabinet Dictionary* and *The Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer and General Artists' Encyclopædia* and also of sundry tracts on religious subjects, which do not concern us at present. That he was a trained cabinet-maker there is no doubt, but there is no record of his work at the trade during his life in London, and of his pursuits in his native town we know nothing in spite of many statements made in books purporting to deal with his life.

There is a so-called Sheraton style, nevertheless, which is definite, within certain circumscribed limits, and it is a moot point how far Sheraton is responsible for this manner which bears his name. On the life of this cabinet-maker, the last of the great furniture designers of the Eighteenth Century—which was obscure enough in his day—the curtain is lifted for a brief moment in the *Memoirs of Adam Black*. Black was a native of Edinburgh, born in Charles Street on February 20, 1784, who went to London and, after many vicissitudes, founded the publishing house of Adam and Charles Black in Soho Square. Known in bygone days as the originators of that gigantic undertaking, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, they are as well known today as the publishers of *Who's Who*, a book of reference which has grown steadily until it approaches in size the London post office directory at the present day. Fame and fortune did not come to Adam Black in a day. Although born a Scotsman with the Scotch capabilities of success, he had hard days in London. How poor was his estate in the early years of the Nineteenth Century is best told in the words of his *Memoirs*:

"On 22nd August, 1804, he started for London as a passenger in the smack *Swift* without any security for employment but with good recommendations to some of the chief booksellers. After

Poverty ridden, he carved a sideboard for Adam Black, founder of Encyclopædia Britannica by

Herbert GESGINSKY

a voyage of seven days, he landed in London and went straight to the house of a friend of his father's, the only person he knew in London. He had suffered from sea-sickness, but was

now very hungry, and was rather dismayed to see a breakfast set down for six, of which he could have eaten every morsel.

"After breakfast he at once commenced his round of calls with his introductory letters, but with small success. The same answer met him everywhere: 'You have come at the very worst season of the year. We shall not require anyone till the beginning of winter.' This went on day after day and week after week, till at last his stout heart began to sink. His good father had given him ten pounds to keep him afloat till he should get employment, and his purse was getting ominously light. The thought of going back to Edinburgh a beaten man was too humiliating. 'No one,' he says, 'who has not experienced it can conceive the desolation of heart of a man without friends or money in London; seeking employment without success, in a tide of active men rushing along the streets full of the important business in which they are engaged. The loneliness of the desert is not half so lonely. I recollect one warm day walking along the City Road, oppressed with weariness and disappointment, going into a grass field and lying down. I fell fast asleep. These fields were then full of herds of cows; now they are a city of streets and squares.'

"He was willing to do any honest work by which he could make a living, and inquired in all directions, but in vain. At last he heard of a man called Sheraton, publishing a book called *The Cabinetmaker's Encyclopædia*, who might give him something to do. He called on him, and found the worthy encyclopædist and his surroundings to be painfully humble; but as he wanted an assistant A. B. agreed to help him in whatever way he could, either in writing articles or in a less intellectual capacity. Here is his description of the man and his place: 'He lived in an obscure street, his house half shop, half dwelling-house, and looked himself like a worn-out Methodist minister, with threadbare black coat. I took tea with them one afternoon. There were a cup and saucer for his wife and a little porringer for their daughter. The wife's cup and saucer were given to me, and she had to put up with another little porringer.



INLAID MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD

MADE BY SHERATON

My host seemed a good man, with some talent. He had been a cabinet-maker, was now author and publisher, teacher of drawing, and, I believe, occasional preacher.

"I was with him for about a week, engaged in most wretched work, writing a few articles, and trying to put his shop in order, working among dirt and bugs, for which I was remunerated with half a guinea. Miserable as the pay was, I was half ashamed to take it from the poor man."

"This many-sided, worn-out encyclopædist and preacher is an interesting figure and would have taken the fancy of Dickens. Adam, cogitating upon him in his diary addressed to his parents, says of him further: 'He is a man of talents, and, I believe, of genuine piety. He understands the cabinet business—I believe was bred to it; he has been, and perhaps at present is, a preacher; he is a scholar, writes well; draws, in my opinion, masterly; is an author, bookseller, stationer and teacher. We may be ready to ask how comes it to pass that a man with such abilities and resources is in such a state? I believe his abilities and resources are his ruin, in this respect, for by attempting to do everything he does nothing.'

"The future publisher of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and friend of Jeffrey and Macauley working with this good, threadbare man and taking half a guinea with some compunction is an instructive spectacle."

It is worthy of note that Black, shrewd and

observant, as his life abundantly shows, describes Sheraton as having been a cabinet-maker, not that he was engaged in that trade. "I believe he was bred to the trade," writes Black. Sheraton's shop was for the sale of his books and pamphlets, not of furniture. His *magnum opus*, *The Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing Book*, on which his fame entirely rests—in mere justice, it must be said that his other books were but mediocre stuff—must have been published before Black met him in 1804, and there is good reason to think that the book was in being before Sheraton left Stockton-on-Tees. It bears the imprint of 1791-94, and on this meagre evidence it has been assumed that Sheraton came to London before the first of these dates. To my mind, the evidence is the other way: that Sheraton produced this book at Stockton-on-Tees and then undertook his pilgrimage to London—perhaps to seek the fortune which he was doomed never to find—peddling his book on the journey. It is significant that the list of "subscribers" contains addresses which, in almost every instance, lie in towns and villages which he would have passed on his way to London, tramping, with an occasional charitable "lift" from a kindly wagoner, the long two hundred and thirty miles to the metropolis. I have seen several country editions of Sheraton's book without this list of "subscribers"—some proof that it was an insertion after Sheraton had reached London.

It was late in 1806 that Sheraton died, a jaundiced and disappointed man. Black had



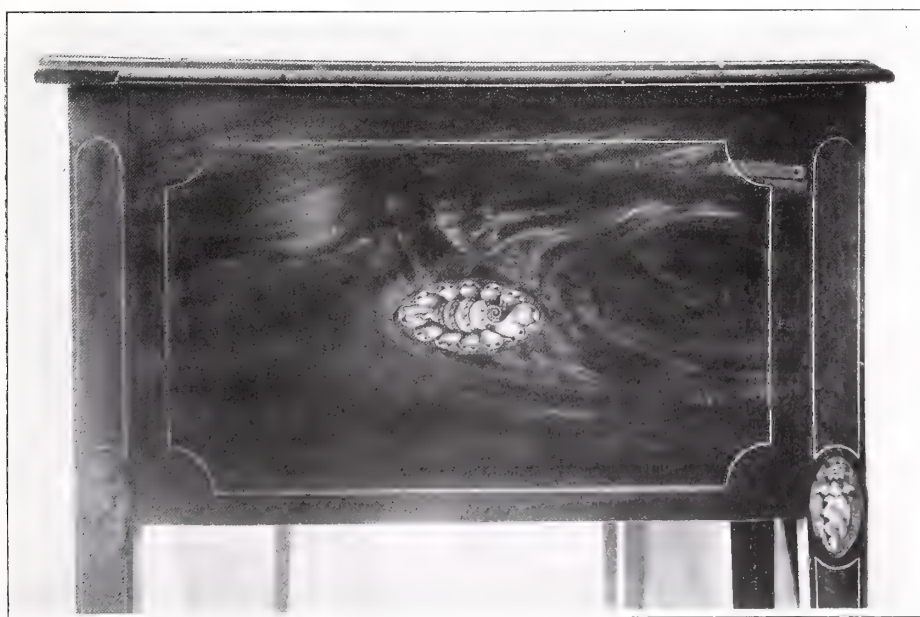
THE TOP OF THE SIDEBOARD SHOWING THE INLAID CORNERS

mounted at least one of the rungs of fortune's ladder by this time, and he had not forgotten the source of the first half-guinea that he had earned in London. How did Sheraton repay? Soured as he was—there is no vinegar which in souring qualities equals poverty to the man who is vain of his talents and powers to win fortune—yet, like all such men who make few friends, he was, doubtless, tenacious of those he had, and this young, upright Scot must have found his way to that seared heart, for he repaid in the only way of which he was capable. He donned apron, and, resuming at the bench the tools of his craft long laid aside, he made for Adam Black the charming little sideboard which is illustrated here, a piece which has remained in the house of Adam and Charles Black in Soho Square ever since that time.

A few words of description of this, poor Thomas Sheraton's thank-offering to his friend, may be permitted. The wood is mahogany, of

good but not superfine quality. The front consists of two central doors with two deep cellarette drawers at the sides. These fronts are all edge-beaded. The interiors of the drawers are from mild but well-figured English oak. On the sides and top is an inch feathered or radiated cross-banding of mahogany, with a small stringing and inlay of shaded satinwood shells in a ground of green-stained veneer, probably plane-tree. The large ring handles are all original. The legs, tapered from squares of mahogany one and an eighth inches in net thickness, are delicate in proportion, yet quite adequate to support the sideboard, which is light and graceful everywhere. Apparently, there is nothing about the whole piece but what would occur to any designer, yet this studied but successful simplicity is the rarest quality of all. Like the music of Franz Schubert, it is so sublimely simple that anyone could have made it and nobody else did.

END VIEW OF THE SIDEBOARD





WESTERN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO

Beauty in Latin-American Churches

THOSE of us who wander through nearby Latin-America in search of health or business, of pleasure or of "copy" may be pagan or heathen at home, but none of us attempts to

resist the charm or the beauty or the historic interest of the churches in these sunny lands, and so, while I know the outside and, in many cases, the inside as well of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the United States, I confess to knowing even more familiarly the cathedrals from San Juan de Porto Rico to Guadalajara. None,

The ashes of Columbus add interest but not charm to the wonderful edifice in Santo Domingo City . . . by

L. J. De BEKKER

either in these regions, or in the United States, is to me so beautiful, so impressive or so much an object of veneration as the Columbus Cathedral in Santo Domingo City, rich with tradi-

tion. Imbedded in the walls of this exquisite old building is a wooden cross which held a place of honor in the first chapel built by Christian hands on the site of this, the veritable mother church of the Roman faith in the western hemisphere. Before this symbol there is no doubt that the discoverer of the New World himself and the first

native Christians bowed in adoration and prayer. And within a magnificent mausoleum which almost dwarfs the interior of the cathedral repose the ashes of Christopher Columbus. Hereby hangs the tale which must be told before we ramble through the old pile itself or speak of other Latin-American churches which linger pleasantly in the traveler's memory of the mid-continent.

Near the cathedral are ruins of the vast palace built by Columbus for his son Diego. In this little southern capital founded by Christopher Columbus, and the first center for the radiation of Spanish empire and influence, both the discoverer and his son desired to be buried. Tradition says that in 1517 the foundations were laid on the site of the first Christian chapel for what is now the Columbus Cathedral, and then, in due course, the bodies of Christopher and Diego Columbus were deposited in vaults, side by side, beneath the gospel side of the main or "high" altar.

When Spain surrendered the entire island of Santo Domingo and Haiti to the French, inscriptions on these vaults had been so obliterated by the feet of worshippers that only the word "Columbus" faintly appeared on the stones covering the vault nearer the altar. Unwilling to leave so precious a relic in the possession of their enemies, the Spanish officials, before evacuating the city, broke open this vault, gathered up the bones and dust, which were placed in a magnificent casket, and reinterred them with ceremony in a place of honor in the cathedral of Havana, where an inscription now tells the tourist "Here once reposed the ashes of Christopher Columbus."

Again moved by lofty sentiment, when the Spaniards evacuated Cuba, they removed this casket from the cathedral and re-deposited it in the cathedral of Seville, in Spain. But the ecclesiastical authorities had not played quite fair with the civil government. The vault opened by the Spaniards in Santo Domingo was that of Diego, and not that of Christopher Columbus. In 1877,



TOMB OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO

at a time when the independence of the Dominican republic had been established for more than a decade, the church authorities gave out the facts as I have stated them, and opened the second vault, where many internal evidences were found to support the claim that it contained the ashes of Christopher Columbus, not the least being a bullet similar to the one Christopher Columbus was known to have carried in his body for many years. These facts, having been duly verified both by the Dominican government of that day and the church authorities, have been attested also by the Spanish Society and other organizations having deep interest in establishing historical accuracy in the existing records in such matters.

The grace and beauty of the monument and its symbolism may be studied from the photographs to better advantage than from written description, but the cathedral itself, whose charm depends more upon environment and color than



THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

architectural merit, must be seen to be appreciated, and it is worth a pilgrimage. To me it is the most beautiful church in the New World. Ibero-Romanesque in style, the main façade and that facing the plaza are most irregular; but where the hand of man has failed, nature has been most kind, and the tones to which she has tinted the walls would be at once sources of both inspiration and despair to the painter would copy them.

Perhaps no other architectural style could have survived the earthquakes which sometimes shake this island. Even its solid walls were cracked and damaged in this way many years ago, but during the period of the American occupation, the cathedral was completely restored and strengthened, and it probably will endure for many centuries to come. Among its many treasures are vestments, altar cloths, illuminated liturgical works and church furniture dating from the first white settlers and easily worth a volume in themselves.

Although much larger and more ornate in every way, neither the cathedral of San Juan de Porto Rico, with its relics of the great Ponce de Leon, nor that in Santiago de Cuba, which is the seat of the metropolitan of Cuba, is comparable in charm or loveliness to the wonderful old building in the Dominican republic; and as for the cathedral in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, it is too new to be impressive and too much like a score of fairly good parish churches in the United States to

deserve description, either verbal or pictorial.

By far the most dignified and beautiful of the Cuban churches is the Havana cathedral, which faces a little plaza in the older part of town, near the waterfront, and likewise is too new to be of historical interest. But the observant tourist will not miss a tablet setting forth the site of the vault in which the ashes of Columbus were supposed to have remained from the time they were brought from Santo Domingo until taken to Spain.

Of all the nearby Spanish cathedrals, that of Mexico City takes first rank for size, artistic value and wealth. That, at least, is the estimate placed upon it by most Spanish-Americans, although to my way of thinking the smaller cathedral of Puebla is in better taste, though by no means so ornate. The cathedral of Mexico occupies the site of the great Teocalli, the holy of holies of the Aztec period. The Palacio Nacional, which takes up the entire side of the Plaza de la Constitucion to the left of the cathedral, is built on the foundations of Montezuma's palace, and a recent excavation in a side street reveals a secret underground passage by which the Aztec palace and the temple were connected.

Much of the material used in the foundations of the cathedral consists of the broken images of Aztec gods, and the mighty calendar stone, which so deeply impressed upon the mind of Prescott respect for the mathematical and astronomical

knowledge of the early Mexicans, was inset upon the base of the west tower until its removal, in 1885, to the National Museum.

Cathedrals are generally composite works, rarely the achievement of a single generation. Rheims cathedral was centuries in building, and that of Strasbourg is not, even now, complete. It

began in 1573 under plans drawn by the architect Alonzo Perez de Castenada, but in 1615 Philip III of Spain sent over a new set of drawings made by his architect, Juan Gomez de Mora, and urged that the work be expedited as much as possible.

Various viceroys, some of whom were prelates, took this order to heart, and in 1645 the building



THE CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

would be difficult to trace the labors of the several architects responsible for the Columbus cathedral, but the records in Mexico City are in a better state of preservation and have lately been made the subject of a monograph by the Mexican Departamento Editorial de la Direccion General de las Bellas Artes, in which we are told that the first church in Mexico was erected by the Franciscans soon after their arrival in America, and that it was completed in 1525. But the brothers of "the Poor Man of Assissi" were—except in rare instances—more occupied with temples not built by hand than with ecclesiastical architecture, and while their convent-church became the first cathedral, in 1534, it was never thought worthy of what was described in Spanish royal charters as the "Very Noble, Very Loyal and Imperial City of Mexico."

In 1552 the Viceroy Don Luis de Velasco set about the plans for a new sacred edifice, and went to the opposite extreme, for the cathedral of Mexico is second in size to St. Peter's in Rome, which, by the way, is not a cathedral at all, but a basilica, so Mexicans today assert that their cathedral is the largest in the world. Construction

was sufficiently advanced to permit of its being used for the consecration of Don Juan de Manozca as archbishop of Mexico. Then the work dragged. In 1788 José Damian Ortiz, of Coatepec, Puebla, composed the designs for the main façade and the towers, which were ultimately carried into effect. Manuel Tolsa directed the ornamentation, built the balustrades and the cupola, and in 1813 the building was completed as it stands today. The *sagrario* (sanctuary) adjoins the cathedral, and its front, which is the most notable existing example of Mexican *churriguera* style, was planned and practically built by Lorenzo Rodriguez. It was dedicated in 1768.

But there are scores of churches in Mexico well worth the tourist's time and many worth the critical examination of the learned specialist or the painter. Mexico is, in fact, blessed with a superabundance of churches, some of which might be converted to charitable or educational institutions without great injury to the people. Thus in the intensely religious state of Puebla it seems to have been the idea to build as many churches as there had been pagan temples in Aztec days.



BACHELDER'S HORSE TURNING THE MIXING WHEEL

A CRAFTSMAN *of the Old School*

THE dearest thing to the craftsman, as to the engineer or the inventor, is his work. Liberty for them may be financial freedom, but for him it is freedom of expression.

Consequently, when a man has passed the three-score mark in years and then achieves that freedom by triumphing over obstacles, both social and economic, and establishing his own means of expression, and produces an object, a ware, with individual characteristics, our sympathy as well as our curiosity is aroused. We are desirous of knowing more about him, of understanding something of his spirit, his vision, his courage.

For several years I had been interested in Omar Khayyam pottery, which appears to me as a uniquely suitable background for wild flowers. I loved it for its simplicity and because it always seemed to intensify the beauties of the blooms of the field. When the opportunity came, then, it was with delight that I visited the place where it is made, the more so because I had become interested also in the potter as revealed through his vas-

O. L. Bachelder, "cast on the scrap heap at fifty-eight," re-won his independence by vision and hard work · by

HELEN B. GAMP

es. My first glimpse of O. L. Bachelder as he awaited me at Candler, North Carolina, the little country station near his home, satisfied my sense of harmony. Here was the artist-potter—

slender almost to the point of thinness; face, that of an ascetic; eyes, luminous and deep; hair, long, waving, abundant and swept back from a strong forehead. As we walked along the road toward his place I associated some of his strength with the everlasting hills to which he frequently turned his eyes, for his kiln is in the shadow of Mount Pisgah. Presently we came to his "shack," as he calls his shop, a long, low building containing a work room, a show room and an office. Within it I saw utility goods—twelve-gallon crocks, pitchers, bowls—and art goods—vases, tea sets, candle sticks—rich browns and tans with variations of green and blue black in their color composition.

Not seeing the expected force of workmen, I asked: "How many men do you employ?"

"The boy who brings my clay," he replied simply, "and that faithful assistant yonder,"

pointing to his horse, patiently plodding in the circle of the mill that mixes his plastic medium.

"But you do not handle those twelve-gallon crocks yourself?" I said interrogatively with surprise.

"Indeed I do," he replied. "All that you see is the work of my own hands. But this is simple compared with cutting the timber for this building and hauling it to the mill."

Now interest burgeoned into astonishment. "Go back to the beginning," I said. "Your father—was he also a potter?"

"My father, grandfather and great grandfather," he replied, "werestonecutters and workers in clay at Rutledge, Vermont, in colonial days. In 1836 three Bachelder brothers, Calvin, Carleton and Cleveland, migrated to Menasha, Wisconsin, as potters. One was my father. From him I got my first lessons in handling clay, and a stern master he was, despising all slipshod work. But I was restless. I left home early and went from state to state, gaining skill everywhere until I had acquired great concentration. My father could make six hundred gallons in one week. With one helper I could make from five thousand to eight thousand gallons. My energy was greedily used by one boss after another, each urging me to greater effort until my heart would grow sick and I would suddenly leave the place, only to seek another soon. Years crept along. I had worked in twenty-eight states and territories and Canada, yet at the age of fifty-eight my energy was undiminished. I still turned off more work than any other single workman I ever have met. Then one day my employer told me I had passed the age of efficiency and must take a cut of fifty per

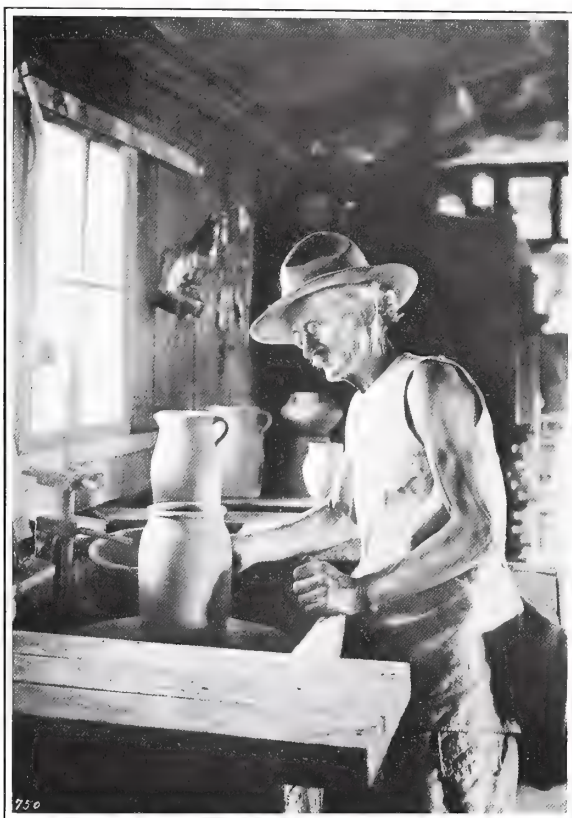
cent in wages. He hoped to retain me but to pay me according to the age scale. In despair I turned away to wander once more and seek work.

"Then came a terrible period. Effort seemed useless; hope was gone; but gradually out of the despair there surged, day by day, a new determination. I would make one more effort, but this time I would be no man's slave. Almost penniless, I came here, attracted by the unusual quality of the clay, rich in minerals unwashed, and by the beauty of the scenery. With a chance partner, also nearly penniless, I bought four acres of clay on credit. On credit also we were permitted to go to those woods yonder,"

—a forested tract

sloping upward toward Pisgah—"and to cut and haul to the mill the lumber that we needed. With my own hands I built these work rooms. I have since doubled them in size. Those were strenuous days, but they were happy ones. We had little money, only fifty-two dollars for the entire first year, but we raised our own vegetables, ground our own grain and made our own bread. With the building completed, an old-fashioned

kiln established, and a single wheel with our old horse to mix the clay, we began our work, making utility goods for the farmers in the neighborhood. Soon my partner decided to leave me, but I cared little. All my old power was back in exultant force. I worked early and late, turning out articles with incredible swiftness, sometimes one in three minutes. I began to deliver the orders I had taken and soon money began to flow back to me. The farmers and small merchants liked my wares so well that they bought everything I could make, and soon they ceased to import utility goods



BACHELDER AT HIS POTTER'S WHEEL

A TYPICAL "OMAR KHAYYAM"
FLOWER VASE



from Ohio and other western states from which they had previously obtained all their supplies.

"But while I was happy in my wonderful new independence, there was one thought before me always: art goods. I longed to shape vases in all the lovely forms that flitted through my brain. Then came the day when I made the first ones. A demand for them sprang up almost at once. Tourists told of my work abroad, until now, after but ten years, I am almost free from debt, have improved buildings, more land and better equipment and I am concentrating on art goods with a demand for every thing that I can make. The battle has been won."

I watched him as he turned his eyes to the mountains again and realized that here indeed was a man fitted to revive the almost extinct art of shaping clay into beautiful forms by hand with the potter's wheel. He makes no duplicates. Each article is distinct in its individuality. The clay, filled with minerals, gives him colors which no other pottery possesses. As I looked at the myriad shapes and sizes and colors glowing under the rays of the setting sun—blue black, yellow brown, rose amber, mahogany, violet gray—I felt anew that these vases were indeed the true background for wild flowers. The interplay of vase and flower was a revelation. Each seemed to respond to something subtle in the other and to intensify its illusive qualities. A spray of coral honeysuckle in a tan, unglazed vase was a tonal harmony rarely achieved, the gray green of the leaves intensifying the silver gray of the glaze. In other vases and bowls were roses and other native flowers, each a study. I looked again

at the potter bending over his wheel, alert, rapid, concentrated. I thought: "Can this be the man who, to use his own words, 'was cast upon the scrap heap at fifty-eight'?" and I marveled aloud at his physical vigor.

"It is the result of care and simple diet and freedom from habits that prey upon the body," he said. "Whenever I concluded that anything that I was using was injurious, I gave it up. When I realized that tobacco was harmful, I stopped it although I had been using it forty years. It was the same with alcohol. When I lived on one dollar a week, I had a good time. I had plenty to satisfy my hunger. I slept well. I was well. One does not need unusual things to tempt the appetite when one is hungry; and true hunger comes only from physical work. Sometimes I handle thirty tons of clay in one day,

cutting each twenty-pound piece on this wire fourteen times. Naturally I am hungry when meal time comes. But your mind must be right also. Live each day as fully as possible. Shut worry away, plan ahead, dream ahead, each year be one year younger, dress as simply as possible, as nearly naked as you can. Let no habit become your master. It is no trouble for a man to live well and to have a well-balanced ration if he has a few acres for the production of vegetables and grains and will grow rye, corn and wheat for varieties of flour. With a clear conscience you will have a good digestion and be happy."

Thus he summarized his philosophy of life, this potter who at seventy has become an artist, achieved his freedom and vindicated age and its possibilities. His is the joy of creation; his, the pride of success.



O. L. BACHELDER ON HIS DOOR-STEP

THE "SHACK," COMBINING HOME AND WORKSHOP





"PIÑON TREES"

Etching by George Elbert Burr

AMERICAN DESERTS ETCHED

AMONG more than two hundred etchings made in Europe and America by George Elbert Burr are thirty-five picturing desert places in New Mexico, Arizona and California. These, by reason of their nature and subject, are regarded by their maker as in a particular class, and, for the same reason, they constitute an unusual record of that part of the great American Southwest. In a monograph on these "Etchings of the Desert" Lena M. McCauley has written: "The desert stirs sublime emotions in the souls of poets and artists, who, concerned with the divine, read history and prophecy in the external appearances of riven plains, shattered rocks and struggling vegetation walled by granite cliffs, in 'the land of little rain,' which still is vital with its moods and passions." It is this spirit which has found expression through Burr's plates—sometimes mystical, sometimes poetic, sometimes elementally titanic.

American by birth, Burr studied five years in Europe and etched the Rhine, the Alps, Monte Carlo, Sicily, England and Wales. He touched the New England coast



"THE GRAND CANYON"

Soft Ground Etching by George Elbert Burr

and then traveled westward to give his attention to the Rocky Mountains and the desert spaces stretching toward the south. From two or three to as many as fifty of his prints are in the portfolios of the chief museums and libraries in Denver, now his home; New York, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Santa Barbara, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Boulder, Saint Louis and other cities.



"NEAR LAMY, NEW MEXICO"

Soft Ground Etching by George Elbert Burr



“SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA”

Soft Ground Etching by George Elbert Burr



“DESERT SUNSET”

Etching by George Elbert Burr



Aquatint by George Elbert Burr

"TWILIGHT, LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO"



"BARREL CACTUS"

Dry Point by George Elbert Burr



"EVENING CLOUD, ARIZONA"

Soft Ground and Aquatint by

George Elbert Burr



"REPAS DE PAYSANS"

In the Louvre

BY LE NAIN

The LE NAINS Rediscovered

IT IS recorded of King Louis XIV that when pictures by the Dutch painter Teniers were shown to him he burst into a great rage, crying, with a contemptuous wave of the cane

which served him for sceptre, "Remove those magots!" He could not bear the sight of subjects so grotesque and plebeian, for in ceremonious France of that period the mission of art had to be, like the drama in ancient Greece, edifying. To use it as a vehicle for the expression of realism was unthinkable. To introduce into it an element of buffoonery was sheer blasphemy. Voltaire's dislike for Gothic was partly founded on this opinion.

Until the advent of the brothers Le Nain, what were the topics usually dealt with by French artists? They were religion, mythology, allegory and portraiture. Exception must be made for Callot, who was not a painter but a draughtsman and engraver. Some of the earlier painters, by

Work of trio of brothers, painters of domesticities in monarchical France, has new historical value . . . by
Muriel GIOLKOWSKA

their treatment of these subjects, had opened out vistas of the life and customs of their day, but this happy duality was no longer observed in the neo-classic wave of the Renaissance

when the great scission between life and art began. This is not to say that the artists of the period did not represent the thought of their age. To that extent Poussin, for instance, was entirely representative; so was Jean Goujon—so is every great artist, for no artist worthy the name is otherwise than in unison with some, if not all, phases of his age. In the Seventeenth Century Poussin and Claude were to French painting what Corneille and Racine were to French literature. This proves the harmony associating art with the mental trend of its day. With due allowances—the comparison is anything but absolute—the Le Nains may, although chronologically slightly anticipating him, correspond to Molière. They are not a match for



"LE JARDINIER"

Collection of Louis Sambon

BY MATHIEU LE NAIN

that great dramatist, but their position in regard to Poussin, who was their contemporary, is analogous to that of Molière in regard to Corneille. Poudssin, Claude, Corneille and Racine were Olympic. Molière and the Le Nains were terrestrial. Which work contains the more of divinity, who is to say? Corneille and Racine put life into philosophy and ethics; Molière put philosophy and ethics into life. Is either the greater triumph?

The Le Nains were the first painters in France to attempt to render familiar scenes of life on lines similar to the Dutch. They forestalled Chardin; they forestalled Millet. They were contemporaneous with Rembrandt, that Dutch master, but there is no evidence that they knew his work. One of them may have met Rubens, or seen his paintings, in Italy. They seem to have had quiet success in their lifetime, but they have been almost ignored for three centuries and are being rediscovered, together with some of their pictures, which are almost as rare and as difficult to authenticate as those by Jan Vermeer. They make a special appeal to us nowadays because in this, our modern world, whose exterior aspect science is so rapidly standardizing, we are beginning to realize the enormous interest afforded

by pictures handing down to us records of the periods in which they were painted. On the veracity of history we can rely only partly, for the written record seems often to lose in truthfulness with every minute added to its life; but the painted record, if it was a fact at the outset, remains one forever. It may fade, it may die; it does not deceive; it can not be misinterpreted; it will not be traduced. There is no artist, whatever his significance, be he Hogarth or Morland, Le Nain or Chardin, Millet or Constantin Guys, who is not a priceless chronicler. Never was this

more sagaciously put than by Mr. Matsukata, the Japanese collector, when he pronounced art to be a clue to national psychology. In the most trustworthy biography, in the most conscientious history, there is an element of falsehood. In the most fantastic picture there is an element of truth. The verities in one may be used as checks on the other.

It has been said that in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries the French peasant was an extremely pitiable creature. Just how far this was the case can not be ascertained through history, as history has been monopolized by records about the supremacy of dynasties and struggles for their maintenance. Moreover, European historians have

"PORTRAITS DANS UN INTÉRIEUR"

In the Louvre

BY THE BROTHERS LE NAIN



not troubled to hand down descriptions of the life of the people in their day for the reason that they could not foresee the changes which, in the last century, have been more rapid and radical than in five previous ones. We have to decipher legend and lore, allegory and poetry, the *Contes de la Mère l'Oie* and the *Conte de la Ramée*, Rabelais and *La Fontaine*, to acquire an inkling into the actual daily life of the lowly. What Louis XIV thought of the work of the Le Nains is not known, but if he was familiar with it he certainly would have approved it more readily than of Teniers because of its dignity.

The story of the Le Nain brothers, scantily as it is known, relates that they lived together, remained single together, painted together, signed their pictures (together by the surname only), until Antoine and Louis died within a few days of each other, leaving Mathieu to survive them twenty-nine years. Of Antoine, the eldest, born in 1588 at Laon in the Champagne country, we know least. He seems to have been the teacher of Louis and Mathieu, born also at Laon—respectively in 1593 and 1607—and yet not to have been so talented

as they. Mathieu, the youngest, was the patrician of the trio and was nicknamed the Chevalier Le Nain. He had his entrées at court, where he painted a portrait of Queen Ann, wife of Louis XIII. He was a traveler, and his painting of Venus at Vulcan's forge was perhaps prompted by Rubens' picture of the same subject which he may have seen in Rome. The canvas is an anomaly in the Le Nain manner, betraying signs of effort to emulate the brilliant style of the Flemish master. There are fine qualities in the work, but one prefers

the Le Nains in the subjects in which they specialized and for which they were more fitted. While Vermeer and Pieter de Hoogh were certainly far more eminent technicians, no painter, not even Rembrandt, has put more depth of feeling, more sympathetic understanding into a picture than are revealed in the two Le Nain masterpieces in the Louvre: "*Repas de Paysans*" and "*Réunion de Famille*."

To Teniers, to Van Ostade and other Dutch painters the peasant was a character in comedy. To the Le Nains he was a solemnity. Society may have treated



"PAYSANTS DEVANT LEUR MAISON" Collection of the Duke of Rutland BY LOUIS LE NAIN

"LA LEÇON DE DANSE"

Collection of Louis Sambon

BY MATHIEU LE NAIN





"PORTRAITS DANS UN INTERIEUR"

In the Louvre

BY LE NAIN

him like a drudge, but in his inner self he was conscious of the importance of his mission. It may be seen in his look, as the Le Nains painted him—an expression of the knowledge and the humility of one who works in association with nature. The Dutch peasant can not have this consciousness because his is another task. As the spaciousness of the horizons impresses the mind of a sailor, so the broad fields of France are reflected in the eyes of the French peasant. The rustics pictured by Teniers and Van Ostade indulged in excesses; the French peasants of the Le Nains were austere and frugal to the point of asceticism and privation. No personages in their pictures, whether from the classes which suffer or those which prosper, laugh as do those painted by Frans Hals, for example. For all these inhabitants of Flanders and the Netherlands, owing to the limitations of their tiny countries, were more sociable than those of France, who lived on lonely farms at long distances from each other. In one of the more artificial pictures, "La Fête du Vin," there is an effort at joviality. It is the only instance, and the work is not typical. The expressions on the faces of the bourgeois children in "Leçon de Danse" and "Le Jardinier"

are no less grave than those of the peasant children in "Repas de Paysans," "Réunion de Famille" or "Le Bénédicité." Therefore it is unfair to seek final endorsement for some remarks by La Bruyère on the hardships of the French peasantry in the sadness of their expression as depicted by the Le Nains. That these tillers of the soil lived abstemiously is evident from the frugal fare laid out in "Repas de Paysans" and "Le Bénédicité," but so do their descendants today, when their lot is presumably easier. That their clothing was sometimes ragged may also be seen, but that happens now, and it is less picturesque. The intense, almost haggard, look of the peasants was probably in some measure due to the posing. The Le Nains were not facile painters and that they insisted on their models "keeping the pose" is apparent in the fixity of gaze of the model in the artist's direction. However, overlaying that gravity, there is in those peasant faces a certain anxiousness which is not evident in the guardsmen, the dice throwers or the backgammon players. But is it not the stiffness of persons not quite at their ease under the painter's scrutiny, and not necessarily and only the look of the poor prey hunted by



"LE RETOUR DE LA FENAISON"

In the Louvre

BY LE NAIN

landlord and tax-collector? The question remains open. As proofs of peasant misery, the pictures by the Le Nains are not conclusive; as monuments to peasant dignity, they certainly are. Indeed there is more of physical and spiritual beauty in the peasant scenes than in the bourgeois. Compare the adults of the two classes—with the exception of the handsome young musketeer in "Le Corps de Garde"—as well as the children. Who are the more aristocratic? Who reflect finer minds? Is not the young peasant woman in "Réunion de Famille" better looking than the fine lady in "Le Jardinier?" Of course some difference lay in the models, but even if the same hand painted them, it might be supposed that the mind that directed it underwent a change when it passed from contact

with rustic to that of more polished society. However, there hardly can be any doubt that the painter of the peasantry was generally Louis, and the painter of the bourgeoisie, generally Mathieu.

"LES JOUEURS AU TRIC-TRAC"

In the Louvre

BY MATHIEU LE NAIN



LURE OF BOHEMIAN GLASS

THERE is a wealth of color, radiant, glowing, to be obtained from bits of rare Bohemian glass when grouped on window sills. Cheerfulness, even gaiety of atmosphere, may thus be given to an otherwise dark and dreary room. There is an irresistible appeal in this type

Its origin among peasant workmen in the depths of a Bohemian forest; its charms of tone by

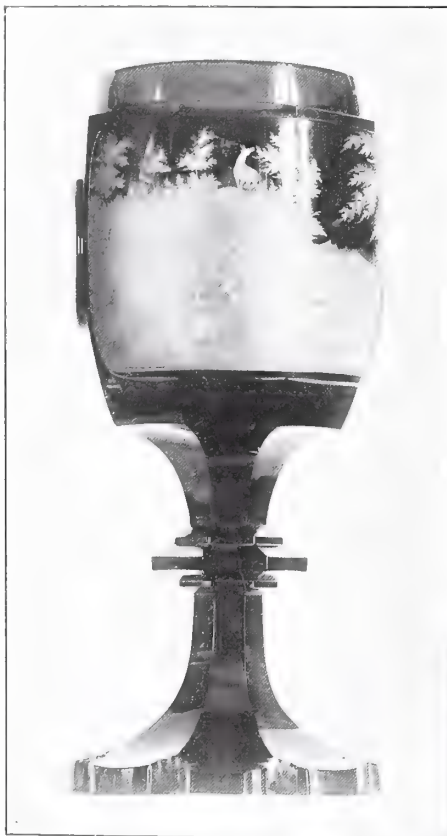
Mary Harrod Northend

than the prevailing prices. Many of the pieces were enriched by engraved illustrations of hunting scenes or interlacing flowers and sometimes by portraits. The art of cameo incrustation aided in producing the most charming effects. Particularly was this true in the upper villages.

To Casper Lehman, a Bohemian, is conceded the honor of having rediscovered the art of glass cutting and of inventing a new method of engraving, which was accomplished at first by holding the glass against the point of a whirling spindle, the designs having been cut out on wheels, the result depending upon the sharp outline of the color to produce the effect of relief in decoration. Lehman transmitted his secret to one of his pupils who, being an adept, continued the process but improved upon the method of his master, and his work was so fine that for a time no other fancy glassware was salable in England. Ruby was the chief tone used, but the method by which it was produced caused other glass manufacturers to despair, for so

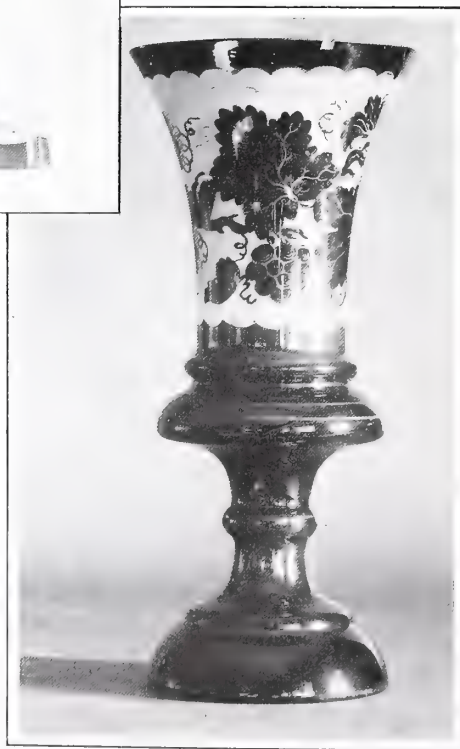
GOBLET OF
BOHEMIAN GLASS
DECORATED WITH
A WOODLAND
SCENE

*In the collection of
W. J. Mitchell,
Manchester, Mass.*



of glassware, which came into existence centuries ago in the depths of Bohemian forests. Here a little colony of underpaid workmen designed odd and fascinating pieces which were so charming in their coloring, so wonderful in their engraving that when first placed on the market they immediately proved a formidable rival to Venetian glass, which until then had been without a peer in popular favor.

Bohemian glass was made by peasants in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. When these wonderful creations first appeared, they met with a hostile reception for they were sold at much less



VASE OF
BOHEMIAN GLASS
DECORATED
WITH A GRAPE
VINE DESIGN

important did this particular shade become that one artist was endowed with sixteen hundred ducats in order that he might perfect the art. About the middle of the Eighteenth Century the industry reached its height and was the leading craft not only in Bohemia but in Silesia as well. Enormous quantities were manufactured and put upon the market, meeting with such a ready sale that there was seldom a piece left.

The rich lords of Bohemia became intensely interested and did much to encourage the industry, principally by providing manufacturers with all the capital needed. On the surface of pitchers, drinking cups, vases, were depicted the spirit of the vine, the glory of the chase, and more humble joys of life. The stem was always a solid color. There was a reason for this, the color being brought out more artistically in contrast with the decoration of the body of the glass, the green of the leaf, the purple of the vine. Grapes were a favorite decoration for decanters and wine glasses. Cameo effects on encrusted surfaces were alluring, the etching often bringing out delightful forest scenes, while castellated subjects set in the midst of

picturesque landscapes were exquisitely done. The heavier the glass and the deeper the cutting, the more valuable it is. Occasionally we find tumblers of wonderful proportions finished in shades of red and white with flower masks that produce an exquisite play of color. Salt cellars on standards which can be used if one likes for bon-bon dishes are generally snow white, broken by gilt lines and ornamentation, the curling leaves over the bowl being most gracefully executed.

No other type of glass is made in so many shades and it has been said that there are more of



GOBLET AND DECANTERS
OF BOHEMIAN GLASS



these than are found in the rainbow, red predominating. There is no mistaking the true Bohemian for it has a true gem-like appearance which nothing else can approach. The art probably originated in Venice and was copied by the Germans, but when Bohemians took up the work of glassmaking they so improved on the other methods that they mystified the originators as to their methods. The cheaper Bohemian glass shows an etching which has been procured by a much less expensive process, fluoric acid being used for this purpose. This, while it produces fine ornamentation, really most beautiful, has far less value in the eyes of the connoisseur than the hand-cut bits, and its falseness is easily discernible if one feels the surface and notes the depth of cutting. By careful examination there is revealed a much more clumsy pattern than the graceful ones of the highest-priced pieces, so if one is considering purchasing any piece of this for a collection



BOHEMIAN GLASS DECANTERS AND WINE GLASSES, DEEP BLUE AND WHITE

he should feel not only the surface but the edges, which in the genuine are sharp. Once goblet rims were trimmed by the cutter's wheel.

Bohemian glass has a particular chemical constituency, being made of sand, carbonate of potash and carbonate of lime. Its quality and especially its thickness, as compared with the

BOHEMIAN GLASS DECANTERS IN RED AND WHITE WITH DECORATION IN PURPLE AND GREEN



thinner Venetian product, made possible the ornamentation by cutting which distinguishes it from the lighter ware. Strangely enough, as it may seem in view of later developments, it was the absolute colorlessness of Bohemian glass which first made it famous and led to its decoration by cutting. Venetian ambition, or jealousy, prompted glass makers of Italy to adopt, or to attempt to adopt, the process invented in Bohemia, and it is related that one Giuseppe Briati disguised himself as a porter and for three years worked in a glass factory in Bohemia until he had learned the secrets of the industry. Returning to Venice, whose methods he had followed earlier, he obtained a patent based on his purloined knowledge and practised the making of artistic articles of glass



WHITE ENCRUSTED BOHEMIAN GLASS DECANTER AND TUMBLER

In the W. J. Mitchell collection

with great success, especially vases, mirrors and circular dishes of unusual size. His products were remarkable for purity and brilliancy.

Time has dealt gently with the old Bohemian pieces despite their fragility, and their beauty is as fresh and brilliant as when they were made. At a later period a cheaper quality was placed on the market, as artistic in contour and as rich in color, but to the connoisseur the difference is evident and the newer forms lack the value of the old for collectors. Not only these charms of Bohemian glass but also its history justify one in searching out rare pieces, and there are few more interesting studies than the characteristics by which the period of each piece may be discovered. Comparison of examples of this Bohemian artistry with the older Venetian products also is fascinating, and the farther this is carried, the more beautiful appear the slim lengths of decanters and the vivid colors of other forms of the later ware.



To An ATTIG MARBLE

by

EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

*Rare Face of Beauty, rise above my heart
Which years and living make dust-worn and dry,
Like Attic roadways where no longer fly
The tasseled stallions for the thund'rous mart,
Nor naked bodies bent that shining start
For glorious goals man only may descry
When youth is here, when hope and joy are high;
Rare Face of Beauty, rise above my heart!*

*Rare Face of Beauty—like the Hyades,
Twin stars that bring the rain and wind of spring,
Bring flowers into gardens, hum of bees,
And freshen well the world with leaf-whispering—
Rise o'er my desert heart, your power disclose,
And let the desert blossom like the rose!*

Photograph by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CHINESE WOMEN PAINTERS

ONE-SIXTH of the twenty-four volumes in the standard biographical dictionary of the famous painters of China is devoted to women artists. There is not a similar

work of reference in Europe or America that can boast one-tenth as many, even of women of current and passing prominence—scarcely a half dozen in all whose names have endured a century—yet China within two hundred years produced thirty-seven women of such worth that their names are listed in the imperial dictionary nearly a thousand years later. Books on the work of women painters are still rare with us, but in China as early as 1800 a woman critic, Mme. Tang Sou Yu, published a book, *Tai Hua Shih*, devoted entirely to the work of women, as women, and their contributions to art as distinct from those of men. The Chinese are wise. They know that each sex has distinct advantages, and a woman painter never attempts to imitate the work of a man painter, to the detriment of her art, as is so often the case in the western world. She knows that she has a distinct quality that he can never attain, just as he has one which no amount of imitation on her part, however painstaking, will ever enable her quite to equal.

Embroidery has been one of woman's means of expression in all countries and in all ages, but no

Many of them, including empresses, famous in history of art as recorded in the Flowery Kingdom . . . by

LOUISE W. HAGKNEY

other nation has brought it to so high a degree of perfection as has the Chinese. With the women of that race it ceases to be a craft and becomes an art. They literally paint with the needle. There are examples of sacred paintings from the Tang period in which the needle-work is so exquisitely and smoothly done that the unaided

eye can not distinguish which part of the picture is made with a brush stroke and which with thread. Many of these needle-paintings have been treasured in the Imperial Chinese collection for centuries. Where and by whom they were executed is unfortunately not recorded. They are unsigned, as are sculptures and many of the greatest brush paintings, but they were without doubt the work of women in so far as the embroidery is concerned. Their composition was considered as carefully as that of any brush painting. Not one line may be changed without marring the effect of the whole. One authority says of this embroidery:

"Considered as an art, it has particular value aside from its decorative qualities. Certain surfaces and textures, such as the plumage of a bird and the color and surfaces of flowers, can be ren-

dered by the needle with a beauty and truth beyond the ordinary range of pictorial art."

While embroidery is looked upon in China as



PAINTING OF WOMAN PAINTER AT WORK
In the Field Museum, Chicago

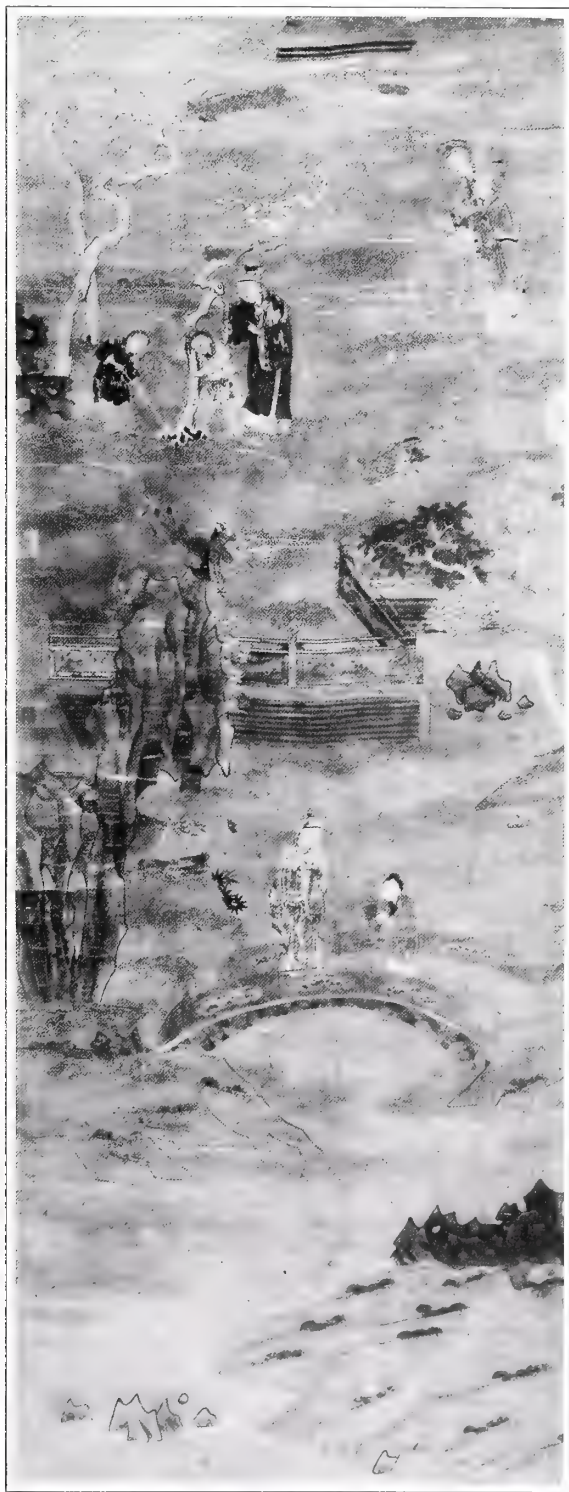
an art instead of a craft, woman's activity is by no means confined to it. She has found expression in the mediums which men employ—calligraphy and painting. The Chinese attribute the making of the first painting to a woman, and they always have respected and valued the artistic work of the sex. The Chinese painter, man or woman, approaches his or her art through calligraphy. A good penman is always something of a painter, for the Chinese character is as much drawn as written. The precision and skill required to give each character its proper shading makes of writing an art second only to painting in importance. It is a study in form, line, shading and composition. It possesses a high decorative value and is an important source of inspiration in design. A written scroll, as well as the individual character, is valued for its beauty and treasured as an *objet d'art*. An old Chinese philosopher expressed the feeling toward this art when he said, "Hand-writing is the portrait of the mind." Both the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have several fine examples of calligraphy. One of the highly prized specimens of the art is the characters written on the border of Lady Kuan's painting, "Bamboo," in the Boston Museum, by her husband, Kuan

Tao Kao, a painter and calligrapher of fame equal to her own. Lady Kuan is regarded by many as the greatest woman painter and calligrapher that China ever produced. Her work was esteemed as

"a jewel," and Chinese authorities report that large sums were offered for even an inch of silk or paper that contained an example of her work.

So distinct a personality has each brush stroke of a Chinese painter that it is often possible to identify the unsigned work of the masters of the Tang and Sung dynasties by them alone. The Chinese assert that the brush stroke contains "the soul of him who gave it."

The men painters of China had an unlimited range of subjects. They portrayed the adventures of life, the high mountain solitudes so loved by the Chinese, the peace of the sheltered village, nature in sun and storm, waterfalls and quiet rivers, animals in repose and in action, men in battle and in the pursuits of daily life. But woman's subjects were limited. She painted only those that she could observe from her own courtyard. Her passings-by in the outer world were too hurried to allow her the meditative contemplation required by the tenets of Chinese art, these demanding that a painter study his subject until, by frequent viewing and meditation, he has



"MEETING OF THE TAOIST GODDESS HEI WANG MU AND TUNG WANG KUNG" PAINTED AND EMBROIDERED KAKEMONO OF THE SUNG DYNASTY OR EARLIER

Collection of Ralph Chait



"BAMBOO"

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

PAINTING BY LADY KUAN, YUAN DYNASTY

freed it from all non-essentials and presents to the onlooker only its essence. The objects that a Chinese woman commonly saw in her courtyard were certain birds, flowers, trees. These, with such religious subjects as Kwan-Yin and the Buddha, were the range that her brush covered. Even the great Lady Kuan did not go further afield to make her undying fame. Her work, while as firm in execution as that of the best men painters, suggests something elusive. It has the charm of reserve, rare grace of movement and a simplicity and vitality that belong to great art alone.

Of no less beauty and of scarcely less fame is the work of an earlier woman, Lady Yen Yen, of the Sung Dynasty. Little is known of her life, but the few examples of her work that have come down to us show rare ability. Other

FLOWER PIECE BY TZU HSI, LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER
OF CHINA

women painters of lesser note were Lady Tang, of the early Tenth Century, a portrait painter of rare skill; Mme. Wen, a court painter of the Thirteenth Century; Lady Kuo, Lady Sieh, Lady Chao and Lady Wang Kuei-Chang, all painters and calligraphers; Mmes. Liu, Chao, Shu and Chao Miao Ching, who were not only painters and calligraphers but poets and musicians as well, for in China genius in one art seems to carry with it talent in one or more of the other arts. Even empresses distinguished themselves in the realm of painting. The late Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi was a painter of such ability that it is said of her that, if she had not had to devote her time to affairs of state, she would have been one of the great women painters of China. The Field Museum has three paintings mounted on imperial yellow and

signed with her seal. A still greater figure, Empress Wu, of the Tang dynasty, did become a painter of such recognized excellence before she mounted the "dragon throne" that her works were copied by artists of succeeding generations and used as decorations on porcelains. She was the first woman to rule over the Chinese nation.

There are many women painting in China today, but their art, like all that in China, has been influenced by western civilization but not yet to the degree sufficient to enable it to produce anything worthy of ranking with the work of the master women painters of the past. Occidental manners and thought have taken a strong hold on the Chinese. They can no longer be content to follow their old traditions. The swifter pace of western culture precludes the possibility of a

"MINORS"

BY LADY YEN YEN, SUNG DYNASTY

Collection of Mr. A. W. Bahr



"PINE TREE AND ROCKS"

BY LADY KUAN

Collection of Mr. C. F. Yao

purely contemplative art, but, as their contemporary work shows, the Chinese painters have not yet been able to adjust themselves to changing conditions. Out of the union of the old and new forces in China another art may yet evolve, greater than either, and China may become again the world's teacher in art. Her great traditions are not dead. They are an active force that must be reckoned with in any thought of the future, and one that, coupled with the modern western ideals, should produce an art not only comparable with but also superior to that of the past.

Italian and German Ideals of Venus



"VENUS"

BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI

THE Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin contains two Venuses who epitomize two distinct ideals of the eternal feminine. One was born in Tuscany, and is by Botticelli, the other is a native of Saxony, and is by Cranach. They belong to the same period, namely the Renaissance. Both are charming, though they differ as widely one from the other as the lands which saw their birth.

There is a juvenile grace in the Florentine damsel, who is full of candor and innocence. She is Eve before the Fall. A reminiscence of antiquity gives her a sort of holiness. She has risen from out of the waves of the Tyrrhenian Sea. There is no such ingenuousness in the Saxon goddess. She is an attractive woman whose smile expresses a something ambiguous and malevolent. She has not sprung from the bosom of Nature, but would seem rather to have been conjured forth by some witchery of Doctor Faust's.

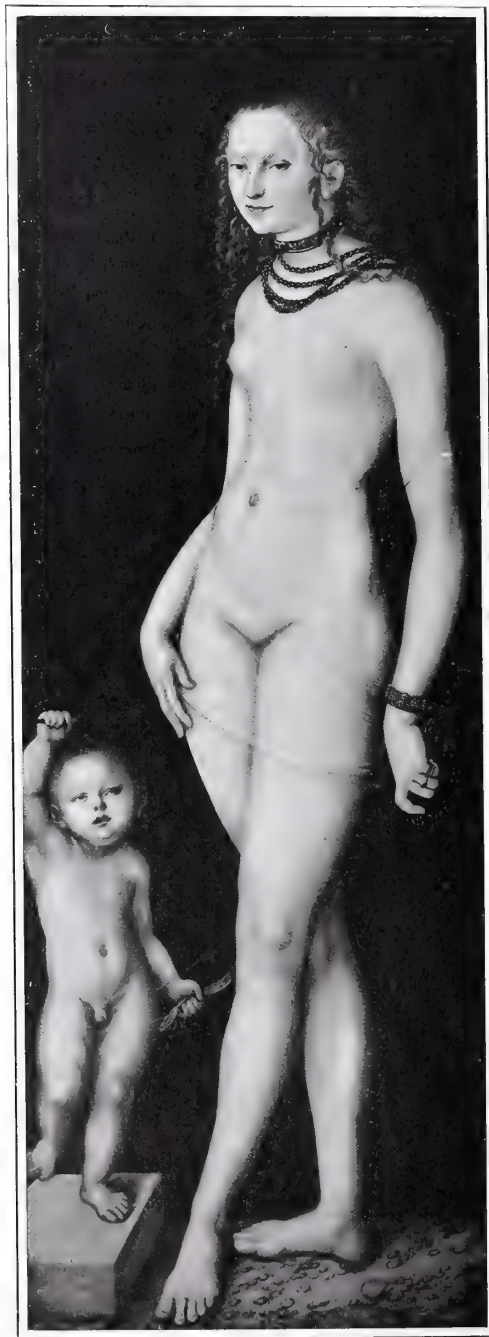
Very different, too, were the lives of the Italian painter patronized by the Medicis and that of the German protégé of the Elector of Saxony. A curious personality he must

indeed have been, this Lucas Cranach who, Franconian by birth, settled at Wittenberg, was a friend of Luther's and Melancthon's, a supporter, therefore, of the Reformation and who, while practising art, was at once apothecary, printer and burgermeister.

Most people will give their preference to the classical harmony of the Botticelli Venus, but when Cranach's has been seen in the original, then it must be granted that if the Italian was perhaps superior in artistry, the German was certainly so in masterliness. —H. S. CIOLKOWSKI.

"VENUS AND CUPID"

BY LUCAS CRANACH



WATROUS, *Public Force in ART*

HARRY W. WATROUS is an institution as well as a painter. In fact there are times when he appears to be more the institution than the artist. For this condition he is wholly

to blame because it is a result of his years of activity in connection with the National Academy of Design, the National Academy Association, the Art Commission of the City of New York and other art and civic associations and movements to which he has devoted himself ever since he returned from his student and painter days in Paris nearly forty years ago. A conservative of the conservatives as a painter, although his subjects reflect a still youthful humor and an occasional profounder touch of concern with the graver questions of our country's problems and with life and morals, it is not easy to reconcile the Watrous of today with the radical that he was in his attitude toward the

Practising painting of old school, he interests himself also in civic and national movements . . . by

William B. M'GORMICK

National Academy and all its works in the beginning of his career in New York. His radicalism, however, was purely social. The tradition of the school of painting that he admired then,

as he does today, was untouched by the modernism of Paris in the early 80's. It was a firm compound of meticulous painting and the anecdotal subject.

Meissonier was Watrous' ideal in those days, not the Meissonier of "Friedland, 1807" but of the small, story-telling pictures with groups of figures in Seventeenth Century costumes, generally soldiers in their hours of relaxation from the rigors of military life. Unlike most young artists of that day, Watrous approached Paris through Spain, but Madrid's galleries had no marked effect on him since that was before the days of the great revival of interest in the Spanish masters. His reaction to the Paris of 1881, the year in which he

"STILL LIFE"

BY HARRY W. WATROUS





"ITALIA"

BY HARRY W. WATROUS

arrived there, was to devote himself to storytelling pictures, with "tight" drawing and meticulously suave painting, panels on which, in spite of their smallness, he would work for months, to the distress of his sight that eventually forced him to abandon that genre for good. There was not a little of the artist and student life that Du Maurier described in *Trilby* in the young American's experiences in the five years that he passed in the French capital and Watrous the artist took part in it to the full, some of his tales of that time sounding incredibly romantic when issuing from the lips of Watrous the institution. His storytelling panels found favor with a Parisian dealer who sold them in England, but three at least found their way into the collections of John D. Archbold, William C. Whitney and Benjamin Altman. The Altman painting now hangs in the drawing-room of Watrous' apartment in New York, he having bought it back when the late Mr. Altman sold his early collection of American paintings at auction. The panel is called "L'Addition." The two figures in it were painted from Père Delac and Père Amiard, the favorite models of Vibert and Meissonier. From about that same time comes a single-figure

subject called "Lost," a Boughtonesque, middle-aged Englishman in knee-breeches and a long-skirted coat walking on a beach and absorbed in a book. Ten years of that miniature-like painting took its toll of the painter's optical muscles and his "Melomaniacs," of 1893, was the last of these pictures. One of these canvases, titled "Records" and representing a man in Seventeenth Century French dress studying documents from a portfolio, painted about 1890, brought him the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

It was inevitable with his school of painting and his personality that Watrous should win favor with our Academicians. Eight years

after he had settled in New York he was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design. He became an Academician in the following year

"THE PASSING OF SUMMER"

BY HARRY W. WATROUS





“STILL LIFE” •

by

Harry W. Watrous

Courtesy of the Howard Young Galleries

and in 1898 was elected corresponding secretary, a post which he held twenty-one years. Until 1918 he continued to devote himself to single figures and to groups, but in these he displayed a note of humor or of tragedy wholly unknown to his earlier canvases and panels. His humor finds expression in demure revelations of feminine moods and modes, while his recognition of tragic consequences resulting from conscious or unconscious causes is revealed in the two best known of his "problem pictures," called "The Dregs" and "The Drop Sinister." This last named canvas, a study in the fruits of miscegenation, caused an extraordinary amount of discussion, residents of one typically Southern city treating to wreck the art museum if it was shown there. It is now in the permanent collection of the L. D. M. Sweat Memorial Museum in Portland, Maine.

When Watrous arrived in New York in 1886 he leased an apartment in the Sherwood Studios, and there he has worked ever since that time. It was there that his friendship with Blakelock ran its trying course, ending only when that most tragic figure in American art went insane. This friendship has brought to Watrous a troublesome aftermath, for every time a painting believed to be a Blakelock is discovered, it is taken to him as the final authority if there is any doubt as to its genuineness. He confesses that he has to look at "some awful things" in the course of the average art season. He made it his practice to help Blakelock to the extent of his ability by buying his pictures, until at one time he had so many Blakelocks that he gave them away as wedding presents. Now he realizes, and he smiles as he contemplates the lost opportunity, that he might have had a small fortune had he kept those pictures and sold them after the boom in Blakelocks arrived.

The years after Watrous stopped painting in

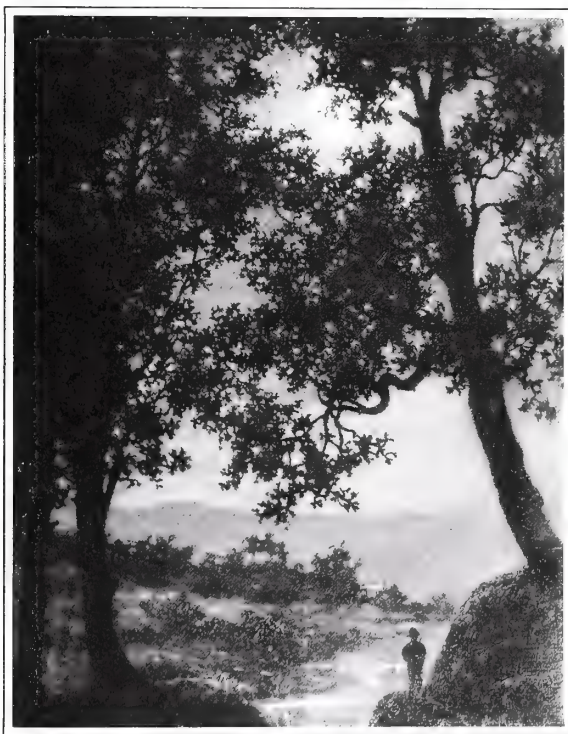


"THE OAKS"

BY HARRY W. WATROUS

his early manner brought forth the long series of figures and groups of young women—he appeared by this time to have lost interest in men as subjects—that have been shown at the National Academy and other annual exhibitions the country over and which have acquired a certain popularity with museums. To this period belong "The Passing of Summer," in the Metropolitan Museum; "The Chatterers," one of a group of pictures in which he introduced crows and parrakeets with whimsical effect; "An Auto Suggestion," in the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, and "A Little Talk There Was of Me and Thee," at the National Arts Club. There is a commonly held viewpoint that these particular paintings are of trifling consequence, but those who hold it completely overlook their importance as social records and their rare technique. Watrous has painted only two portraits—one of his mother and one of his wife.

Although he still occasionally paints a figure subject, since 1918 Watrous has painted principally landscapes and nocturnes, and in these the romantic side of his nature has found an avenue of expression more marked than in his early work.



"MOON LAKE"

BY HARRY W. WATROUS

Gem of Portraiture by Reynolds



"THE YOUNG FORTUNE TELLER"

by Sir Joshua Reynolds

*T*WO famous paintings by Reynolds were among the canvases recently sold in London from the collection of Lord Glenconner. They passed first into the possession of Arthur Ruck, of that city, and then into that of Sir Joseph Duveen, of Duveen Brothers. They are destined for an American collection. One of them is a portrait of Diana, Viscountess Crosbie, later the Countess of Glandore. The other, reproduced herewith, represents Lady Charlotte Spencer and her brother, Lord Henry, children of George, third Duke of Marlborough. It has been called a fit companion piece for the "Blue Boy."

EVERETT SHINN, *the Versatile*

INDUSTRIAL experts and corporations have prepared tables listing the attributes by which they determine whether an applicant for employment has the basic ingredients for

success as a shipping clerk, a riveter or a welfare worker. Undoubtedly there are also specific charts by which to select an inventor, an illustrator or a furniture designer. It is not probable that the specification sheets for these last three callings would be similar, yet there is one individual, at least, in whom these varied abilities are combined, and he has to his credit notable work as a mural painter, an interior decorator, a writer, a scenic designer and a portrait painter. He is Everett Shinn.

To tell Shinn's story in the approved sequence, let us begin by stating that he was born in Centennial year at Woodstown, New Jersey. The absorbing interest of his boyhood was the designing and building of engines. At the age of fifteen years he entered Spring Garden Institute, Philadelphia, and had an opportunity to further gratify his love of mechanics. There he invented and made one of the first successful rotary engines. After completing his technical course, his first nitch in the workaday world was as a draftsman in the designing rooms of a chandelier factory. Here he soon discovered that his interest in mechanics lay in the realm of creation and not in making laborious tracings of the designs of others. In moments of idleness the huge, white sheets of paper before him would lure his pencil into making little sketches of scenes along Chestnut Street, or some picturesque old house, or a dilapidated hack cruising slowly down Broad Street, its driver on the look-out for a

Not only an illustrator, he is also a mural painter, a portraitist, a scenic artist and a writer . . . by

LOUIS H. FROHMAN

the head of the room recognized in him unmistakable signs of a natural artistic ability and persuaded the young draftsman to devote himself to the study of art. Shinn followed his advice and entered the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts. There his progress was rapid, due to the

ambition, willingness to work and unbounded creative force which accompanied his talent for painting. At the Academy, his student companions numbered many who have since attained fame, including Robert Henri, George Luks, John Sloan and James Preston.

Shinn's first professional experience as an artist was in a field which he considers "the greatest training in the world"—that of a staff artist on a newspaper in the days before the general adoption of photography for news illustration. He considers that the camera has robbed young artists of their

greatest opportunity for developing acute powers of observation and memory, for it was a frequent necessity for the newspaper artist to go out to report a fire, a trial or an accident where even a rough sketch could not be made on the spot. The impressions thus gained had to be sufficiently accurate to permit detailed reconstruction of the scene and recognizable likenesses of the principal persons concerned to be embodied in the finished drawing, which was made later in the newspaper office with one eye on the clock as the hour for going to press drew near.

Ambition for a wider field brought Shinn to



EVERETT SHINN

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

New York at the age of twenty, and he found a place on the staff of *The World*. Not content to remain a newspaper artist, however, he spent every spare hour in making drawings which should be a representative collection to show to magazines. Edwin A. Abbey's work was then appearing in *Harper's Bazar*, and Shinn's admiration for this great artist's work aroused his ambition to have his drawings appear in the same publication. At first he did not succeed even in having his carefully prepared collection viewed by the art editor. Nothing daunted, however, he returned each week with a fresh set of drawings. This perseverance won for him admittance to the sanctum after three months of effort. Even the privilege of taking his drawings inside to be seen by the art editor did not mean immediate success, however. It was nearly a year before Mr. Ball said to him:

"Mr. Shinn, you have shown us a great variety of subjects. Is it possible that you could give me a large color drawing of Broadway at night in a terrific snowstorm, showing the Metropolitan Opera House? If you happen to have such a picture, I should like to see it by ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Without an instant's hesitation Shinn replied:

"I think I can give you the very picture you want. I will bring it down before ten tomorrow."

When Mr. Ball had begun to describe the illustration he wanted, no such picture existed, but before he had spoken the last words, it had sprung into being in the artist's mind, complete, living, the Metropolitan and Broadway with its lights—such as they were at that day—veiled by wind-driven snow. Shinn resolved that it should be on canvas by the appointed hour, although it was then four o'clock in the afternoon. Stopping only to buy paints, he returned to his studio and set to work, relying entirely upon his memory for the details of his subject. He had to work the entire night, but by ten o'clock he was in Mr. Ball's office, a little shaky and pale but with the completed painting. It was accepted for a double-page spread in color and for a sum larger than his whole month's salary on the newspaper. From that time, Everett Shinn's signature became a familiar one upon illustrations which appeared to brighten pages in the Harper publications.

The growing circle of Shinn's friends included many interesting men and women both in art and of the theatre. The late Stanford White was numbered among the closest of these, as was Clyde Fitch, also now deceased. In the home of this famous playwright, Shinn painted two ceilings and six panels and decorated two grand pianos, all as a "labor of love." He little dreamed that

he would be richly rewarded for his act of friendship, but the beauty of this work at once revealed him to discerning critics as a mural painter of rare ability and led to his receiving many commissions for the decoration of private residences, of the Belasco Theatre in New York and the City Hall in Trenton, New Jersey, the last containing a single canvas forty by twenty-two feet. Shinn was called upon also for screens, paneled doors, furniture, andirons, lamps and other objects, work in which his early training as a craftsman had a strong and helpful influence.

The volume of Everett Shinn's production is an astounding accomplishment if viewed merely as the manual output of one man, yet he continued to find time to make illustrations, to hold frequent exhibitions at prominent galleries in New York and to paint portraits, largely of stage folk and destined for the lobbies and greenrooms of London's playhouses. These portraits included those of Sir Henry Irving, Elsie de Wolfe, Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe and Mr. Fitch. Another interesting subject was Mark Twain, of whom the artist made two portraits. When the first of these was painted, Shinn never had seen the great humorist, but he had to produce upon short notice a full length figure for *The Critic*. From only the composite mental picture gained from various photographs, he presented an excellent likeness which lacked accuracy only as to stature. Judging from the masterful style of Mark Twain's writings, Shinn made him appear correspondingly colossal, discovering only months later, when the two men met, that Twain was in reality below average height. This picture was printed upon a sheet double the dimensions of the magazine and then folded to the required size. Twain considered that this had the great advantage of permitting the picture to be folded up and up and up until it should fit each reader's own idea of his greatness, and he felt sure that his wife would fold it right up under his chin and make him very small. Shinn's notable portraits of Irving in various-roles were painted in a manner quite characteristic of his method of working. Before starting a picture, he would sit in the wings night after night and watch the performance, noting every attitude and gesture and catching the very spirit of Sir Henry's characterization. From dozens of little sketches made *sur place* he would evolve the final painting, thus obtaining a degree of life and action in the portrait which even this great actor could not portray in a studied pose.

While Shinn believes the camera has robbed young artists of one of their most valuable training schools, the newspaper office, he is also convinced

that opportunities today are better than ever before for developing artists' initiative and imagination in magazine illustration. Twenty-five years ago, the magazine illustrator was bound by many restrictions. Each publishing house had policies to which one must adhere, such as that of *Harper's Magazine*, which barred from its illustrations all those of unshaven tramps whose appearance might not harmonize with the general artistic beauty of the magazine. This rule had to be followed, even when such characters were the central figures in a story. The old-time art editor would designate the exact action in a story to be illustrated and even the positions for each character. Today, editors have a broader understanding of art, and they know that the best illustrations can be produced only by giving the artist freedom to choose his subjects and settings, by permitting him to think for himself and to use his own intelligence. If a layout is given the illustrator at all, it is merely to show him the make-up of adjoining pages and the space for his pictures.

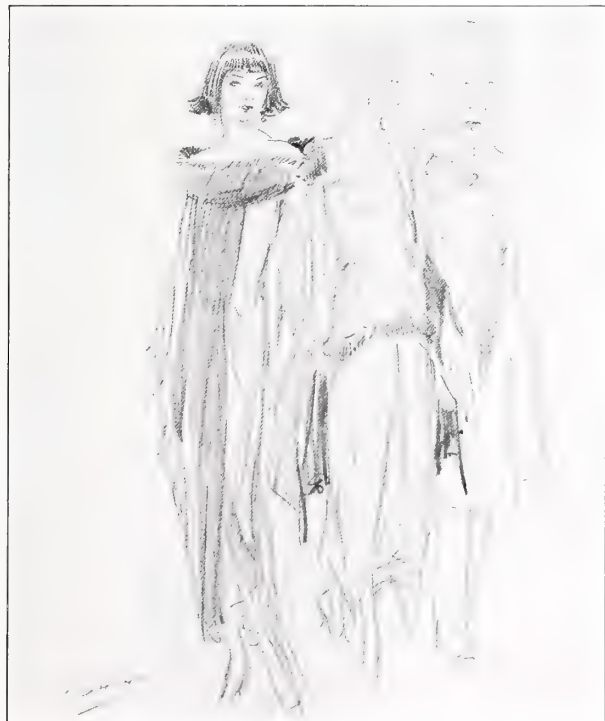
PENCIL DRAWING

BY EVERETT SHINN



PENCIL DRAWING

BY EVERETT SHINN



It is sometimes a handicap for an artist to excel in one particular type of illustration, just as an actor who has made a reputation in a certain character finds managers unwilling to let him try any other kind of part. Shinn recently cited a striking example of this in the career of William Glackens, painter, whom he considers to have been the best potential illustrator in the country. Glackens had tried long and persistently to bring his work to the attention of editors and finally succeeded in getting a commission to illustrate a rollicking serio-comic tale of South American adventure. Six artists had failed to catch just the key in which the story was written, and it was turned over to Glackens as a last resort. He never had been in South America, he never had read much about the country and he knew little of its dress, customs or scenery when he set to work. Yet he produced a series of illustrations that made the story a huge success and brought him immediate fame. Thus encouraged, he hoped to be swamped with work from magazines, and he was indeed cordially received by their editors, but the answer was everywhere the same—"Nothing of your sort today, Glackens. Wish I could get hold of another rattling good South American story just to have you make some more of those illustrations of yours for it, but they're scarce as hen's teeth. Maybe we'll have something next week." The artistic success in one type of work had been too marked. After more months of unsuccessful effort, while the Spanish type of story continued to be "scarce as hen's teeth,"

"THESE CATS OF SHINN'S
HAVE PERSONALITY FOR
WHICH WE MAY FIND
HUMAN COUNTERPARTS"

Shinn types, or to say to himself, "Now, that cabaret scene where Ormond recognizes Claudia as the Spanish dancer—it will take Shinn to put the right atmosphere and glamour into *that*."



ILLUSTRATION FOR "A GOOD GIRL" AND STUDIES OF CATS
BY EVERETT SHINN

Glackens abandoned the field of illustration for painting, and in this his accomplishments have proved him to possess the versatility with which the short-sighted editors had not credited him.

Perhaps in your mind the name of Everett Shinn conjures visions of the tall, languid, hot-house variety of girl whom he draws so often. He is unconscious of having any distinctive "style" in his illustrations, and, strangely enough, the type of heroine whom he most often depicts is not the sort that he admires. If he has a specialty, it is the illustration of stories dealing with our modern social life. An editor, when reading a story, has a tendency to think of the characters in terms of

The wide range of Shinn's interests and the diversity of his talents would assure a freshness and perpetual variety in his illustrations, even though his subjects might be of one general kind. His editors do not limit him to the society stories, however. Nothing pleases him more than to get a call from one of them to do something unusual. Variety, for him, is the very essence of life. Within a single week last winter he chanced to receive three animal stories to be illustrated, although he had scarcely drawn an animal in years. In the cat story, "A Good Girl," he clearly exemplifies



"THE FUNNY MAN," A LONDON MUSIC HALL STUDY

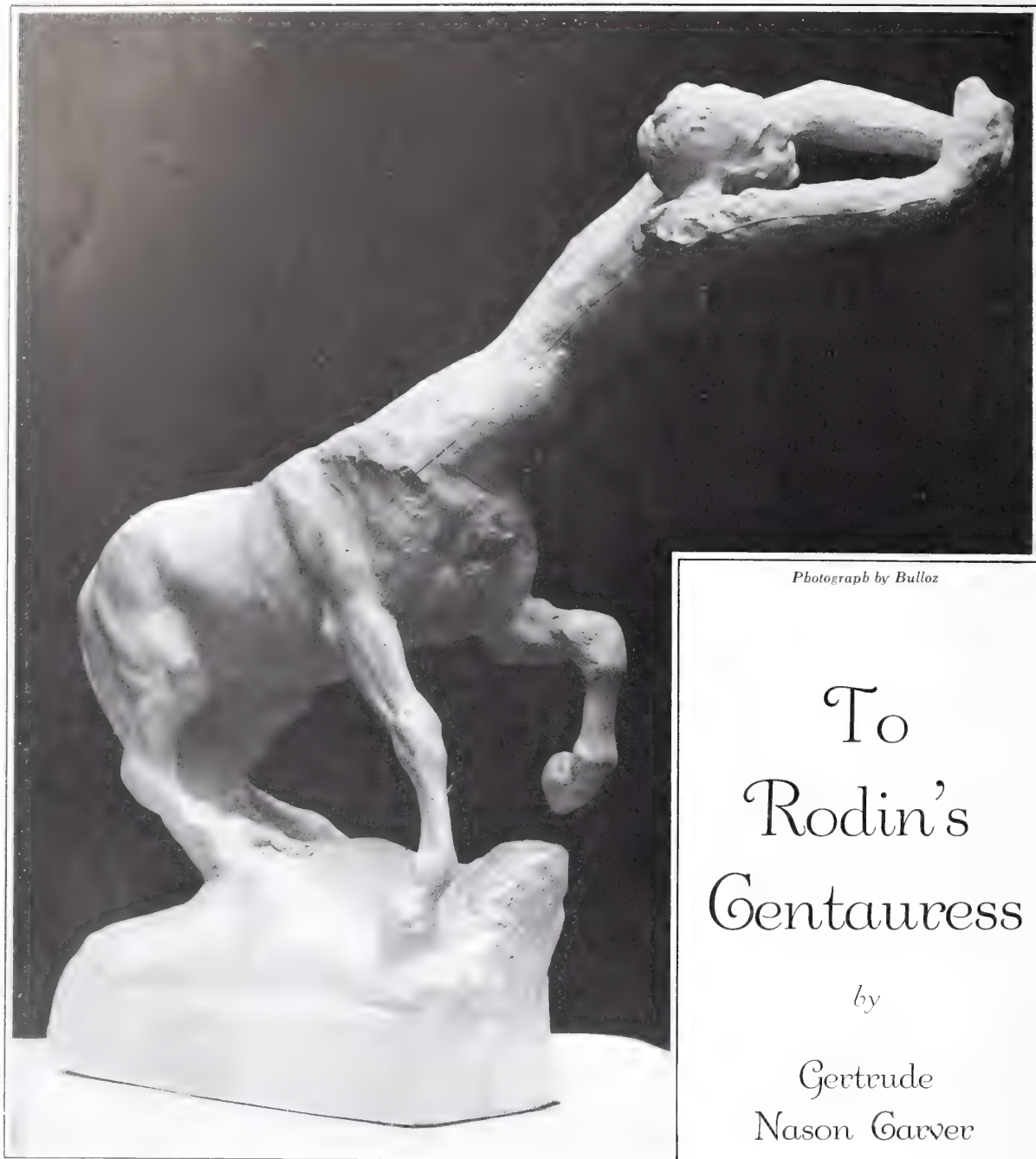
BY EVERETT SHINN

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

one of his theories that emotion and character are revealed by every line of the figure. Each of his cats has its distinct personality, for which we might pick a counterpart among persons of our acquaintance. With a slight change in the course of his life, Shinn might have been a satirist or a cartoonist because of this very ability.

No matter what the work upon which he is engaged, Shinn never uses a model. His reason for this is that he has a definite mental picture before he starts to draw, and he finds that a model only introduces a new element, always somewhat foreign to his original conception and therefore distracting rather than helpful. Even in designing settings for a photoplay, he prefers to gather a stock of general impressions and to rely entirely upon these in working out his own conception of each scene. He recently made a brief trip to Cuba to gain atmosphere for "The Bright Shawl" but all the actual scenes he created in the studio after his return. In temperament he must resemble those masters of the Renaissance who found no

task too colossal and considered no bit of artistry too small to be worthy of their most serious effort. An illustration by him represents but one form of expression of a man endowed with a remarkable variety of talents. If the scene chanced to be laid in an elaborate drawing room, the paneled walls that form the background are the actual work of a master mural painter. If the illustration calls for the interior of an old English tavern, each detail will have the accurate touch of the scenic designer who has just executed the settings for the photo drama "Oliver Cromwell." Each piece of furniture, lamp or fireplace that may appear but as an incident reflects the charm and originality of the talented craftsman and decorator. Everett Shinn's work has brought him material success, but this has not been his goal. The urge to create and the satisfaction of accomplishment have always been his most powerful incentives, and, as a result, through the various means of expression which he has made his own, he is contributing to our generation much of lasting beauty.



Photograph by Bulloz

To Rodin's Centauress

by

Gertrude
Nason Garver

"THE CENTAURESS"

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

*T*HUS my body!
Thus my soul!
To have been given both
Is violation.
Rather
A body perfect
In harmony with earth,
Content to walk,
Content;
Rather
A soul perfect
In harmony with heaven,

*Content to fly,
Content.*

*But ah! The agony of both!
The harsh resistance of the body
Back, back to earth.
The tearing of the soul
Toward freedom.
Thus my body!
Thus my soul!
To have been given both
Is violation.*



"THE SAINT LAWRENCE RIVER AT GANANOQUE, ONTARIO"

by Homer D. Martin (1836-1897)

This canvas was painted in 1893, four years before the artist's death. It is part of the collection of William T. Cresmer of Chicago, and was shown recently at the Art Institute of Chicago with other pictures by American masters owned by Mr. Cresmer



ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène
du BOIS

THERE has never been enough written in this department on the minor arts. This is probably because the editor of it does not precisely know what the minor arts are. Sometimes illustrators give him hints. These are not excessively large and palpable, but they serve. They are things to catch hold of, to enlarge on, to, wanting to be unkind, make the most of. Perhaps illustrating is one of the minor arts. But in illustrating there are so many degrees that it is quite impossible to say, offhand, that the men at the top of it are minor at all. Giotto is at the beginning of a long list of Renaissance illustrators of importance. These men illustrated religious history. It is of no importance that their pictures were placed in churches instead of books and magazines. Neither is the so often repeated theory that story-telling is the property of words and not of pigment. We like in art its allusion to life. Of course there are stories and stories. The one in which the individuality of the teller is not apparent can not interest for any length of time. It is a shell. The artist will sometimes fill it so well with himself that the story is dimmed by the thrill of his personality. Rembrandt's subject matter is of much less importance than Rembrandt. The modern who cries out against subject matter really considers it too much. The artist should be able and is able to employ any subject matter whatever, even the one of his choice. Really the howl of the academies, modern or ancient, is of no consequence. It is constantly attached to the choice of a god who has died without the reverence of the academic pack of his day. Illustrating as Giotto practised it is a fine art.



The modern book and magazine illustrator is apt in the belittling of his profession. He will make excuses. There is a public that he must please and there are mouths that he must feed. He makes the supply for a demand of which he is the prey. He plays for a price. He lops a masterpiece here and adds to it there so that, as they used to say, he may wear a gardenia in his button-hole. But that is particularizing his weakness or the surface lameness of the weaker ones. The trouble may be deeper seated than this. A confession to being puzzled is to the point here. Theories are usually fine in everything but practice. The whole difference between Giotto and the modern illustrator may be simply a question of

modesty. The old illustrator had reverence for the priest who gave him his job. The contemporary illustrator is without reverence for the editor who gives him his. This might be due to the change in the social status. Perhaps it is. Probably the modern practice of the ancient theory of the equality of man in doing away with reverence has defeated modesty. The present conception of equality, in practice, makes few allowances for superior training in any field. The man, as an example, who knows nothing whatever about statesmanship, feeling himself the equal of anybody, becomes a critic of statesmanship. There are, indeed, few bounds to the subjects he is willing to attack. The old priest, treated with reverence by the illustrator, treated the illustrator, in turn, with reverence. They were separated by training. Each felt the superiority of the other in his own field. They kept off each other's toes.

There was, of course, considerable dictation by the priest. But this was of a religious and not of an art nature. There was no technical dictation and the art was left to the artist. The art editor holds the same contempt for the illustrator that the illustrator holds for him. But they are not at daggers' points. Rather, they are conspirators or cooks—cooks preferably—busy in the kitchen over dishes to tickle the palate of a hypothetical guest. He would be marked X in any fair example in algebra. It is settled in the kitchen that he has vulgar tastes or none. He is fed the stuff which, it is conjectured, he likes. Perhaps he is easily fed. The elaborate dining room, to begin with, is an influence. Ten to one he will conclude that only fine food would be served here, and then, though not really tasting it at all, he will form the habit of it. It is perhaps unfair to say that the food is doped. But it is unquestionably fixed. Certain lures are put in, whether good or bad for the stomach. Sugar is thrown in without reserve. There are paper crowns on cheap chops, veal in the chicken salad. It is presumed that he prefers to be duped. But we can not go on with this. It is a mere impression.

In plainer words, the art editor is, theoretically, the representative and the voice of a particular portion of the public. He holds a lot of reins in his hands. On the ends of these reins are bits which are gladly, though apologetically, held in the mouths of illustrators. They may champ at these bits but they do not throw them off. Some of them, indeed, hold many bits whose reins lead

to the hands of many editors (if this is conceivable) so that they are pulled in many ways at once.

Now when you have the idea of the equality of man to contend with, you must also have the idea that the man with the bit in his mouth has forfeited his birthright; has, in other words, demeaned himself. The result of this natural sequence of thought is that the illustrator, like the actor and like the performing musician, is a second-hand artist. He is this primarily because he makes pictures of another man's, the author's, conception of life. He has another ignominy added to this one, for even his conception of the author's conception is colored by the art editor's conception of the public. As often the art editor's conception of the public is a private fiction—I prefer to think that it is in any case—then the illustrator is as much removed from the artist as it is possible for him to be. He is as much removed from equality with other creative artists as it is possible for him to be.

But it is probable that this idea of equality is, at the very outset, a false one. Men are slaves of environments, cigarettes and parents, among other things. They do things because they have receding chins, or because they have long noses or because, for something simpler, they have short legs. The idea of equality as it is conceived in this republican age, gives great weight to the normal ratio. Men are put into high places because they are liked by the greatest number of people in the state. Keeping in view this ideal of equality, this will mean that they are put into high places because they are neither more stupid nor more wise than the majority or because they do not shatter the ideal. Though no one supposes that the cripple is born physically equal to the normal man, for this is a phenomenon easily measured, the normal man, with true Christian humility, never applies this finding to anything so difficult to materially measure as a cerebral or intuitive condition. He judges by himself. He compares his neighbor to his own reflection in the mirror. He puts a comparative failure down to bad management and success down to greater luck. Bad luck is his own property—bad management, the other fellow's.



I've heard illustrators lament their bad luck. With fatter purses they too might play at independence with painters. But this is rather footless, for there are as many independent illustrators as there are independent painters. Indeed, the number of independents in any field runs at about the same ratio. But the illustrator's contact with the public is more frequent and more direct. His is also a larger public. The painter's public is a

limited one made up, in a great proportion, of people who have had some kind of sophisticated connection with, or predilection for, art. It allows him an arrogance which the illustrator can not show. The painter will be forgiven, as Cooper's poet David Gamit was by the Indians, his eccentricities. His public which begins by smiling at him will end by admiring him. The dealer, who occupies a position similar to the art editor's, knows this. He introduces the great eccentrics by degrees. He does not call them eccentrics. He calls them individuals. And he puts a price on individuality. He can easily show that the great painters of the past have been heavily endowed with it. He can talk up the art in his shop. It is more difficult for the art editor to talk up the art in his magazine. And he can not go very far in the past history of book and magazine illustrating.

The illustrator is in the same position as the politician. His virtues must be common ones. He can not make progress upstream. The art editor would forbid the folly, divine or not, of that kind of an attempt. He is there to protect his subscribers. No stuff must be given them that might lead to contemplative head scratching. Nothing must be given to them that might go beyond their notion of morality, nothing to trespass on their common sense. In Beau Brummel there was a philosophy that would greatly please the illustrator or the art editor. This, summed up, was: let the fashionable world do nothing bizarre, do the same thing a little better. Perhaps we might arrive from this at a composite picture of the character of a successful illustrator. It is worth the attempt here. He is not precisely a replica of the public, of his public. Compared to his public he is extremely sophisticated. He watches its fluctuations and, while playing with them, may smile maliciously or benevolently up his sleeve. Of course most of the things that he does, he would do anyway. He is only a trifle more specialized than his public. He has been trained to think with it. He is soft or adaptable enough to accept this kind of training.

This is to say that he is not moved, like the painter, with a tremendous desire to completely express himself. He has a more objective debt to pay. He is working deliberately for the public. The painter, except when he is working to fill his pocketbook, works deliberately for himself. He is willing to sacrifice material comforts to spiritual ones. His egotism and arrogance are of an exaggerated order. Sometimes he believes that he will do, eventually at least, good to the public. But whatever he thinks, he places himself on a high pedestal from beneath which there can not be dictation. He is aside from the rush of the world,

an observer of its material and spiritual manifestations. The modern artist believes that prostitution is in the acceptance of any dictation at all. This would do away with the illustrator, but it would also do away with men like Titian who were quite willing to follow a scheme for a picture outlined by a patron. It would do away with a whole race of court painters and writers, good and bad.

Perhaps some artists thrive on compromises. If there are some, then there are men who need support, sensitive men whose minds need a direction to put their chaos in order, to begin work along coherent lines. It is just as true that a great many artists would be better for more discipline as it is that many would be better for less.

The illustrator's position is not untenable. He may lift his art to a major position. I need not repeat here that it has been done. The trouble with the modern book and magazine illustrator is that he too heartily reflects the obvious, which is to say the superficial, likes and dislikes of his public. That is the trouble with the modern statesman. It is the trouble with all public men. Or it is the trouble with their position, for this makes them, in a government like ours, as an example, dependent upon a comparatively uninformed constituency. It is more important for the maintenance of their position that they kiss babies well than that they make good laws for the protection of babies. This is directly in a line with that which is demanded of the illustrator. He is asked to pander to Mary Jane's frivolity rather than to rouse the sounder sense which underlies it. The reaction gained from his pictures must be immediate. These must have a journalistic tang. They must have nothing in them not immediately comprehensible to the running reader. "Running reader" is used by editors because it is a diplomatic way to say unthinking or even stupid reader. It might even be regarded as complimentary.

Now it is the custom to say that there must have been a better public during the Renaissance when the great illustrations were done than in our time. But the truth is that the public was not considered as intelligent at all. So far as art is concerned the public was in the hands of a benevolent autocracy. The art was outlined by men of intelligence who could stab babies instead of kissing them without fear of losing their positions in the world. The public was accustomed to the idea of a superior class. It had nothing to do with the election of this class. It merely served this class. The shoe now, in all popular questions, is on the other foot. The illustrator is working to please, with the politician, a class which has owned this predominance too short a length of

time to have learned how to use it. That is probably the answer to the question as to the cause of the mediocrity of the average illustrator.



Still it is difficult to let this rest here. It is likely that the whole answer to the problem could never be reached in one sitting. One would have to stab in the dark more often, take flights at random. Perhaps the American public has suffered too little to demand an art with a real force or a hard bite in it. We rarely face life in its full, in its sorrow and dignity. We have not been hit enough in the marrow. It is even possible that our girls look like those pictures on magazine covers and that there are numberless young men here who are replicas of those who wear collars in subway advertisements. Indeed most of the critics who call these pictures fiction have had touches of European education. They fight for the greater depth of the European document. They claim things for life that have apparently missed us. I, frankly, do not know. I am of those irritated by the insipid faces on magazine covers and subway cards. Life is not all roses. It can not be that for anybody. Faces, therefore, can not all be bland. There must be furrows dug by this and that stroke of misfortune. However, we hear a lot, through the country, about sweetness and light. There must be a preponderance of optimists among us. We have been well off so long it may be possible that the violent things which happen to us are not convincing. Perhaps we have the good sense to treat them as jokes, or as silver lined clouds. But this is not likely. Moreover, how many Americans are there in America? It is entirely possible that real Americans only exist among art editors and advertising men, or that they are the only ones whose acquaintance among Americans is great enough to permit them to arrive at the essence of the American spirit. But this brings us no further. Perhaps the only way to have better illustrations, as it is the way to good government, is to educate the public. I do not mean, necessarily, in art. Art is a reflection of life. It might be of value to teach more about life. But this is questionable. Probably it is not even possible. Critics have spoken against the rule of the happy ending for years. The only artists, in any field, who have been thoroughly accepted are those who went into raptures, figuratively if you wish, over the beauty of sunsets. Indeed this is so true, and the influence of it has been so great, that no one dares deny the beauty of that phenomenon. Of course there is no way, no immediate way, to fight tradition and sentimentality. They are Titans.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THOMAS ROWLANDSON. By A. P. Oppé.
The Studio, London. Price, £2 2s.

"Fin de siècle" as ordinarily applied to the close of the Nineteenth Century in England suggests a vision of anaemic aesthetes, pale pre-Raphaelites and misplaced genius. The boisterous humor of a century before had changed into a lean and sensuous eroticism or a dry rattling of old bones. Perhaps there was no more virtue in the heavy men and buxom women whom Rowlandson drew, but if they erred it was in the jovial manner of Smollett and Sterne—a broad vigorous vulgarity, a laugh instead of a smirk. A lean man can only cackle, it takes a big belly to support a laugh.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON
INKS AND WATER-COLOURS
BY A. P. OPPÉ

A thinner and more puritanical age has looked askance at Rowlandson's life and condemned his work, almost without a hearing. His offenses against good taste were those of his age. His critics have been the expurgators of Sterne and Shakespeare.

A lesser artist than Hogarth and a man without the insight for searching satire, Rowlandson nevertheless was a humorist of the first rank and a gifted draughtsman. His humorous drawings and caricatures are, many of them, works of art; his water colors and engravings of England and her people are charming and authentic records of the manners of his time. He could be funny and vulgar; funny without being vulgar; treat a delicate theme with a touch that few men have surpassed; invest a simple landscape with rare beauty; and his production was enormous.

This present volume, the first adequate critique of Rowlandson's work, with its one hundred reproductions, is an important contribution to the literature of art.

THE RELATION OF ART TO NATURE. By John W. Beatty. William Edwin Rudge, New York.

BASED on the firm conviction "that the great works of the painter and sculptor, those of supreme importance, rest . . . upon the faithful, unerring and masterly representation of character and beauty as these do actually exist," Mr. Beatty's compelling monograph presents an admirable argument for his case. His purpose is "to establish, if this be found possible, a foundation for the belief that the art of the painter and sculptor is imitative and not creative," and this in face of the fact, as he writes, that he knows perfectly well "that the opinion here expressed is not the one most widely accepted; it is not the popular view of art; it is not the view expressed by many writers on this subject." As proof of the soundness of this contention he quotes from Greek, German and other philosophers who have taken this viewpoint as to art and also from painters ranging from Michelangelo to our own Winslow Homer and La Farge, building up thereby an extremely effective presentation of his argument. Whether the art lover or student agrees with Mr. Beatty, he will profit by reading this essay and will find enjoyment in its simple, direct style.

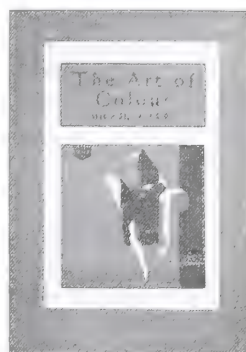
ARCHITECTURE TOSCANE. By A. Grandjean de Montigny and A. Famin. *The Pencil Points Press*, New York. Price, \$6.

THIS, the publishers of the book announce, "is the first volume in the series of reprints which we are bringing out under the general title of 'The Library of Architectural Documents' . . . intended to make available for all architects and draftsmen much of the valuable inspirational matter which is either unobtainable or practically prohibitive in price." It consists of the drawings, one hundred and nine in number, made by two French architects more than a hundred years ago as illustrative of the palaces, houses and other buildings of Tuscany and published in Paris in 1815. It covers architecture of the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. The new edition has a preface and description of the plates written by John V. Van Pelt.

THE ART OF COLOUR. By Michel Jacobs. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

WITH ninety pages of text and more than two score illustrations in color, many of them representing works from his own brush, Mr. Jacobs has set forth his "attempt to present a 'system' rather than a 'theory' for teaching the art of colour."

It is no new subject with him, for in 1916 and again in 1919 he wrote on it articles which were published in *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. It is, he says, "not a scientific book but is based on scientific knowledge," and he maintains that there is "a right and a wrong in colour combinations as there is harmony and discord in music." In his introduction he gives thanks to a group of his pupils in the Metropolitan Art School for their help in preparing the illustrations for this volume.



Mr. Jacobs does not confine the application of his theories to the fine arts but extends it to printing, commercial art, batik dyeing, landscape gardening, architecture and other activities of modern life. He gives tables of colors and a dictionary which contains their histories, chemical properties and psychological significances. All in all, it is an interesting volume, whether the reader admits or denies that there is science in art.

THE ART SPIRIT. By Robert Henri. Compiled by Margery Ryerson. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

ON being asked if he ever felt moved to put into writing his talks or notes on art and its practice, Robert Henri smiled ruefully and said that a stenographer among his students had taken down some of his opinions and suggestions to pupils and that when he read them "they seemed awful." Now Miss Ryerson has done this for Mr. Henri in a very singular form of book since it has no chapter divisions and is made up entirely

of short or long paragraphs strung together according to subject and with only here and there a heading, as over the appreciation of Mary Rogers reprinted from *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* of May, 1921.

In a brief introduction Mr. Henri says the book has been issued because many students had asked for it and that "the opinions are presented more as paintings are hung on the wall, to be looked at at will and taken as rough sketches for what they are worth." The opinions are both interesting and stimulating in spite of much repetition, and are full of sound advice and rich with personality.

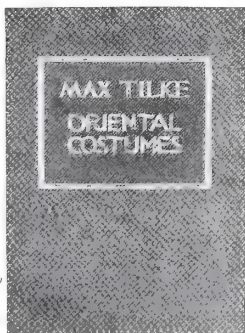
MODELLING AND SCULPTURE. By Alfred Toft. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$5.

ASPIRANTS to the practice of the arts fall into two classes: those who live in cities or towns where there are art schools and those whose homes are remote from such sources of instruction. To embryo sculptors in this second division and to those who may have to teach themselves, in the beginning at least, how to work at their vocation, Mr. Toft's text book will be of the greatest assistance, for in the clearest language, enforced with many illustrations, he shows such persons just how modeling is done from its beginning to the completed work. "A book can not make an artist," as he says, but a book may help a man or woman to go the right way about the work of being an artist, and this one surely will. Every phase of modeling and the successive steps toward perpetuation of form in bronze, marble or other material is described in detail and with admirable clarity. In addition to the many technical illustrations there are also reproductions of great sculptures from Egyptian times to those of modern France.

ORIENTAL COSTUMES. By Max Tilke. Brentano's, New York.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Max Tilke's illustrated work on Oriental costumes begins at Morocco, follows the southern coast of the Mediterranean to Egypt, debouches into Togoland, Africa; comes northward again into Arabia and up through the Balkans, and progresses eastward into Persia, Cashmere, Tibet, China and Japan, to mention only the larger countries which he has covered in his pursuit of this subject. He has written only a brief introduction to the larger part of the volume, which comprises one hundred and twenty-eight plates, all of which are in color, Mr. Tilke's plan being to let the illustrations themselves tell the story, each one being supplied with a brief note that might well have been amplified for the information of the general student of costume. Basically most of these garments are limited to few shapes, while their ornamentations are strikingly characteristic of the national forms of ornament so familiar to students of design.

Garments, their names and their designs evoke memories of Oriental literature and revive pointedly that fascinating idea of the origins of design and their gradual changes from East to West through religious and racial influences.



To get the best out of this illustrated work the reader would have to consult the same author's *Studien zur orientalischen Kostümgeschichte* as he points out in his preface, but of and by themselves the colored plates tell the tale of Oriental costume so that anyone may understand its general simplicities and sometime beauty.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH WOODCUTS.

By Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E. Duckworth & Co., London, England. Price, forty-two shillings.

THE record of wood-engraving in western Europe goes back precisely five hundred years, for the earliest actually dated woodcut known is the "St. Christopher" of 1423 in the John Rylands Library at Manchester, England. Oldest of all the processes of graphic art, this



form has suffered eclipses and had brilliant revivals, few of which latter have produced woodcuts of the quality of those which appeared from that early date until 1580—the first great age of wood-engraving. Interesting and competent as they are, the twenty-seven reproductions of woodcuts in this anthology can not pretend to any such esteem as that but are presented here simply as the work of a group of younger British artists who practise this ancient and sturdy art. They include Lady Mabel Annesley, Eric Daglish, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Marcia Lane

Foster, Robert Gibbings, J. F. Greenwood, Vivien Gribble, Philip Hagreen, E. McKnight Kauffer, Rupert and Sydney Lee, John Nash, C. T. Nightingale, Margaret Pilkington, Mrs. Gwendolen Raverat, Noel Rooke, Edward Wadsworth and Ethelbert White.

Mr. Dodgson contributes a brief introduction to the woodcuts, tracing the main outlines of the history of wood-engraving, in the course of which he goes out of his way to take a fling at the "extreme of rather tiresome perfection" with which professional wood-engravers in the United States have translated wash drawings into white line.

ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN FORM. By U. W. A. Parkes. William Wood & Co., New York. Price, \$3.50.

As the author of this book says, "Thanks to the assistance of the medical world it is not now necessary for the artist to work in the dissecting room," and his work sets forth in black and white all the details of the bony and muscular structure of man which the scalpel has uncovered. In these days he who aspires to be a Michaelangelo may learn anatomy without exploring cadavers, as did that master, five of whose studies of the human body are used as illustrations with more than a hundred diagrams by Mr. Parkes. The author distinguishes between medical and artistic anatomy in that the latter is concerned with the "human figure as it moves in all its strength and glory" and before it passes to the medical student. He has lectured on the subject at schools in London and is now giving similar service at the St. John's Wood Art Schools.

THE DEATH of Odilon Redon in 1916 placed that strange painter and fantasist in the way of final appraisal by the world. Retrospective exhibitions of his art in Paris have proved, writes Louise Gebhard Cann, to be "a strong light in the eyes of critics and connoisseurs; their acclamations of the new terror and beauty brought into art by this messianic genius creating in flame, awakened enthusiasm even in the general crowd." Mrs. Cann tells the story of Redon and gives an interpretation of his work in the leading article in the November number. It is not easy to define Redon. It is not even correct to call him a symbolist, says Mrs. Cann, for his art, "intended by him to suggest to the spectator the dream that accompanies life, the dimly palpable aura of the actual, is too ambiguous in its symbolism to fit into a fixed interpretative scheme." A color plate and several halftone reproductions will help readers to understand this inspiring, mysterious artist.

WHEN Dr. George Petrie, noted Gaelic scholar, was touring Connaught in 1822, he paid a visit to the last mitred abbot of Cong, and there was shown to him a wonderful jeweled cross which had been found in an old oak chest. This relic, henceforth known as the Cross of Cong, dates back to the year 1123 and is the finest surviving specimen of the beautiful art of Ireland when that nation was the most civilized in Europe. It was made at the behest of King Turlough O'Connor, and it bears the artist's name, Maelisu O'Echan. Eileen Buckley, with true Irish spirit, writes of the Cross of Cong in November.

THE great English landscapist Turner, out of love for the beauty of England, was wont to make long trips afoot sketching picturesque bits of scenery which appealed to him as material for his large paintings. These sketches are described as "small morsels of big beauty, so delicate, so fine, withal so sweeping and spontaneous." INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has selected eight of the most beautiful of these little works from a collection of more than two hundred recently brought to America and will reproduce them in facsimile in the November number.

Two other facsimile features in this issue will appeal to lovers of the beautiful—four lithographs by Bolton Brown done according to a new method which gives them the spontaneity of charcoal drawings, and four brilliant pencil drawings of Spain by S. Chatwood Burton.

IN 1894 a Scandinavian artist, Ernst Gronvold, painting in the Tyrol, found in a curiosity shop several sketches whose mastery astonished him. Making inquiry, he found that they were the work of Friedrich Wasmann (1805-1886), who had taken refuge there at the outset of his career because of ill health and had passed the rest of his life painting portraits of the Tyrolese and visitors at the Tyrolean resorts. Gronvold made research and found many portraits, so fine that the collecting of the works of the hitherto unknown painter henceforth was the passion of his life. In 1905 he took a collection of them to Berlin. In 1915 he brought out a volume of more than two hundred pages at Leipsig, telling Wasmann's full story. Foregoing his own fame, he established that of Wasmann. The world has seldom been treated to a similar spectacle. Wasmann, although now fairly well known in Europe, has never been

heard of in America. Under the title of "Wasmann, Ingres of the North," Muriel Ciolkowska will introduce him to readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in November.

FROM the days of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and Chinese to the time when Barye forced a new recognition, animal representation was looked upon as an inferior branch of painting and sculpture. However, in the last two decades a renaissance has been under way. The French *animaliers* formed a society in 1913, and of late years public interest has turned more and more to their work. Louise Gebhard Cann has written a profusely illustrated article for the November number. There is an intensity about the *animalier* that characterizes him the world over, because, says Mrs. Cann, "like the naturalist and the born nature lover, he lives apart from society and is more at home in the fields, along the shores of stream, lake or sea; in the company of wild life than in the drawing room, at the theatre or in the café."

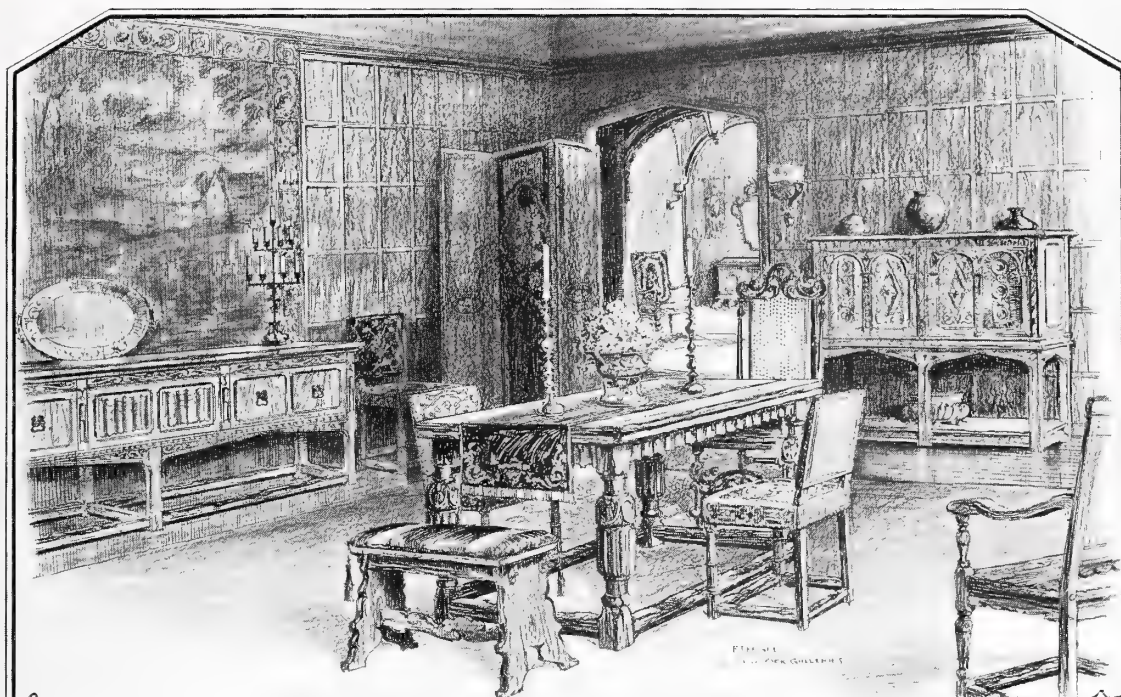
AT FORTY years of age, W. L. Lathrop left his farm in Ohio, came to New York, hired a little room for \$1.50 a week and produced five small water colors which he sent with misgiving to an exhibition of the New York Water Color Society. He won the only prize of the show and all but one of his pictures were sold on the opening night. He was dazed. It was a case where extreme modesty had held a painter back until he was mature—he had taken to art when a small boy and at sixteen had painted the portraits of his neighbor's pedigreed Holstein cows. Now Lathrop, old in years and rich in honors, is doing his best work on his farm, over in Pennsylvania near the Delaware river. F. Newlin Price in his characteristic style writes of him in the November number, and there is a color plate of a typical Lathrop landscape.

ONE of the most interesting artistic developments in the American theatre in recent years has been the use of the mask. Kenneth Macgowan, a critic of the theatre whose reputation is international, has written the story of the mask from its first use as a ritualistic accessory among primitive peoples to its present service in the theatre. His article, copiously illustrated, will appear in November.

ESTELLE H. RIES, already familiar to readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO as a writer of interesting articles on various phases of interior decoration, will contribute a timely discussion of the uses of painted furniture in the modern home to the November number. The popularity, in America, of painted and decorated furniture is rapidly increasing. Everyone is familiar with the early Italian and French furniture of this type, but not everyone is aware of the excellence of the work of this character that is being done today. To many, therefore, Miss Ries' article and the accompanying illustrations should be delightful.

LÉON GASPARD'S "Mongol Rider," which forms the cover of this issue, is reproduced by courtesy of the Milch Galleries.

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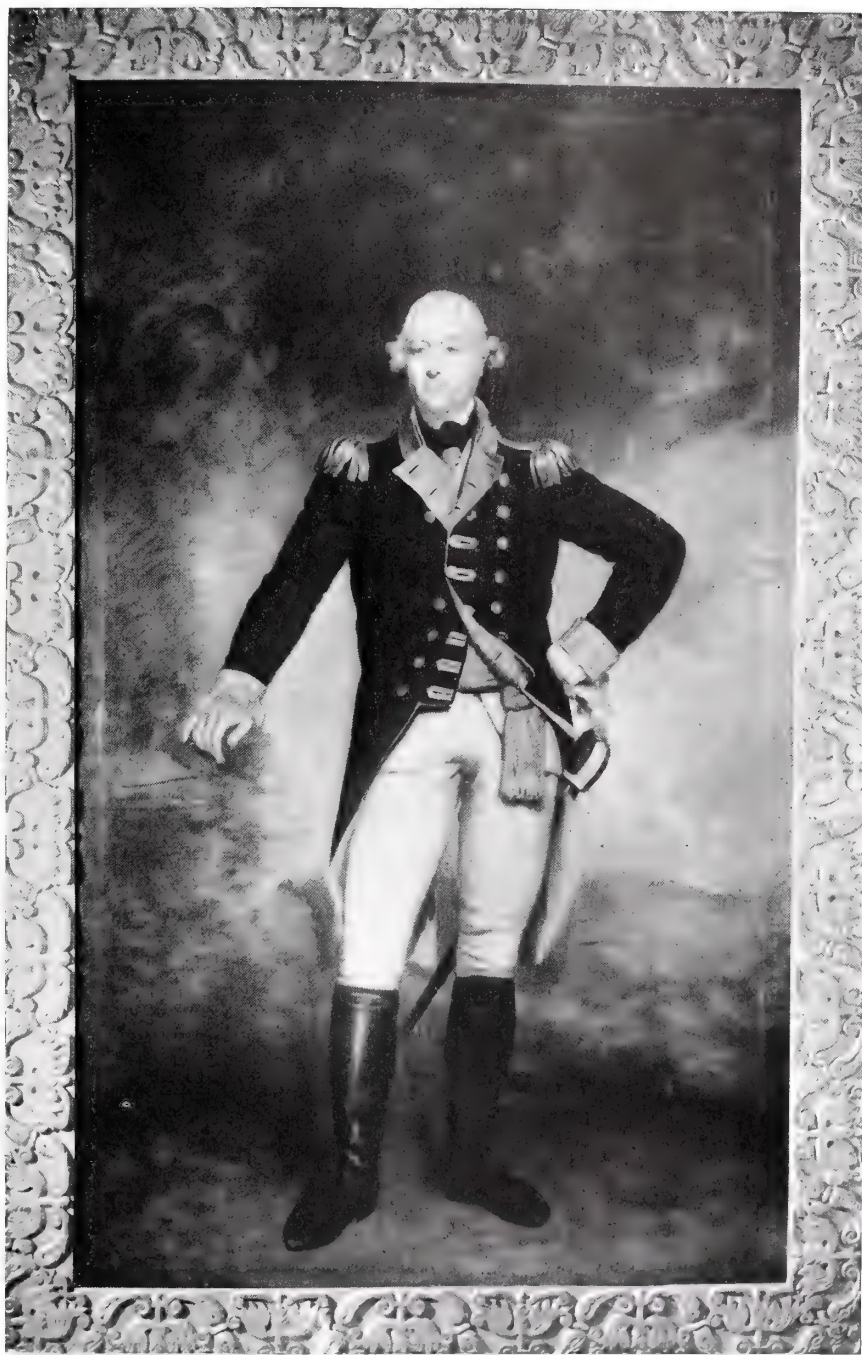
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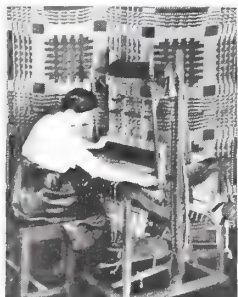
The picture is that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys own handwriting countersigned by James II a few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling, due to Mr. Pepys from the then Government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

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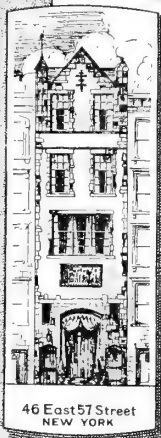
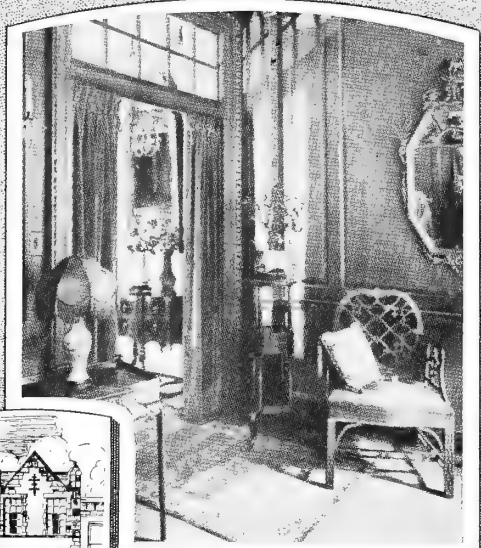
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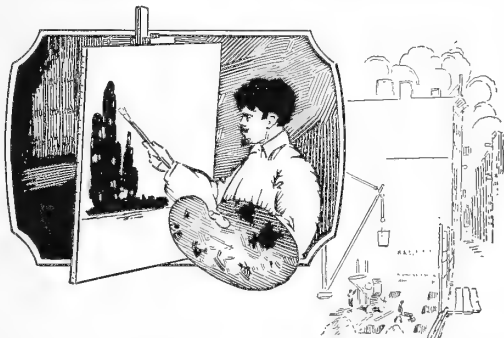
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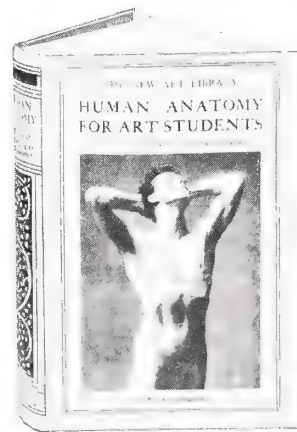
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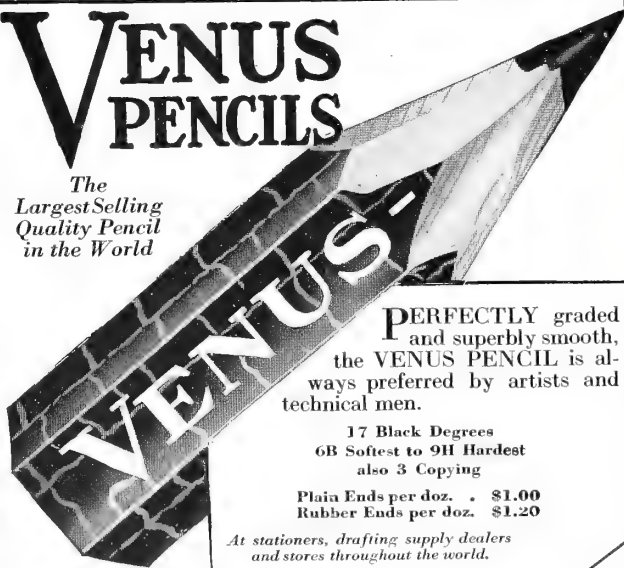
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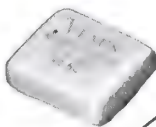
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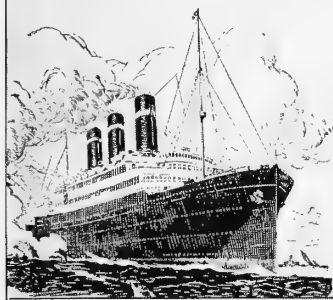
DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER	APPROXIMATE ARRIVAL
Nov. 1	Philadelphia	Genoa	Azores, Palermo, Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	America	Nov. 15
Nov. 1	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Drottningholm	Nov. 17
Nov. 2	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier	Nov. 10
Nov. 3	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor-Donaldson	Saturnia	Nov. 10
Nov. 3	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Ansonia	Nov. 10
Nov. 3	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Carmania	Nov. 10
Nov. 3	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Rotterdam	Nov. 13
Nov. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic	Nov. 10
Nov. 3	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic	Nov. 11
Nov. 3	Boston	Halifax	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Megantic	Nov. 9
Nov. 6	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria	Nov. 15
Nov. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria	Nov. 13
Nov. 7	Montreal	Antwerp	Hamburg, Danzig	Baltic-American	Lituania	Nov. 18
Nov. 7	New York	Genoa	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita	Nov. 18
Nov. 7	New York	Bremen	Naples	Lloyd Sabaudo	Conte Rosso	Nov. 22
Nov. 7	New York	Antwerp	Direct	North German Lloyd	Hanover	Nov. 18
Nov. 7	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zealand	Nov. 18
Nov. 8	Montreal	Glasgow	Queenstown, Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Polk	Nov. 15
Nov. 8	New York	Belfast	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Marburn	Nov. 18
Nov. 8	New York	Marseilles	Palermo, Naples	Fabre	Patria	Nov. 23
Nov. 8	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren	Nov. 18
Nov. 9	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare	Nov. 17
Nov. 9	Philadelphia	Marseilles	Palermo, Naples	Fabre	Patria	Nov. 23
Nov. 9	New York	Christiania	Bergen, Stavanger, Christiansand	Norwegian-American	Stavangerfjord	Nov. 25
Nov. 10	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Tuscania	Nov. 18
Nov. 10	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor-Donaldson	Cassandra	Nov. 18
Nov. 10	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France	Nov. 19
Nov. 10	New York	Trieste	Azores, Algiers, Naples, Patras	Cosulich	Martha Washington	Nov. 27
Nov. 10	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Andania	Nov. 18
Nov. 10	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Albania	Nov. 19
Nov. 10	New York	Constantza	Algiers, Smyrna, Constantinople	Fabre	Madonna	Nov. 20
Nov. 10	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette	Nov. 19
Nov. 10	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Volendam	Nov. 22
Nov. 10	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Seydlitz	Nov. 22
Nov. 10	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail S. P. Co.	Orea	Nov. 22
Nov. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan	Nov. 28
Nov. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	Nov. 17
Nov. 10	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic	Nov. 19
Nov. 10	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Doric	Nov. 19
Nov. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania	Nov. 19
Nov. 13	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Washington	Nov. 26
Nov. 13	New York	Genoa	Azores, Gibraltar, Naples	White Star	Arabic	Nov. 30
Nov. 14	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris	Nov. 21
Nov. 14	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	York	Nov. 26
Nov. 14	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland	Nov. 26
Nov. 14	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Garfield	Nov. 24
Nov. 14	Boston	Genoa	Azores, Gibraltar, Naples	White Star	Arabic	Dec. 1
Nov. 15	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch	Nov. 23
Nov. 15	New York	Copenhagen	Christiansand, Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Oscar II	Dec. 4
Nov. 15	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Kungsholm	Dec. 4
Nov. 16	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm	Nov. 24
Nov. 17	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain	Nov. 26
Nov. 17	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia	Nov. 26
Nov. 17	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Chicago	Nov. 28
Nov. 17	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Ryndam	Nov. 29
Nov. 17	Boston	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Devonian	Nov. 26
Nov. 17	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Muenchen	Nov. 29
Nov. 17	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail S. P. Co.	Orduna	Nov. 29
Nov. 17	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America	Nov. 29
Nov. 17	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric	Nov. 25
Nov. 17	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Canada	Nov. 25
Nov. 20	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Tyrrhenia	Dec. 2
Nov. 20	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon	Nov. 29
Nov. 20	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Duilio	Dec. 5
Nov. 21	New York	Libau	Hamburg, Danzig	Baltic-American	Polonia	Dec. 4
Nov. 21	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa	Dec. 1
Nov. 21	New York	London	Queenstown, Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Adams	Nov. 28
Nov. 21	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Canopic	Dec. 3
Nov. 22	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama	Nov. 30
Nov. 23	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose	Nov. 29
Nov. 24	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor-Donaldson	Athenia	Nov. 29
Nov. 24	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland	Dec. 1
Nov. 24	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Antonia	Dec. 2
Nov. 24	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie	Dec. 2
Nov. 24	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	New Amsterdam	Dec. 5
Nov. 24	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail S. P. Co.	Ohio	Dec. 5
Nov. 24	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Roosevelt	Dec. 5
Nov. 24	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic	Dec. 5
Nov. 24	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic	Dec. 3
Nov. 24	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Regina	Dec. 3
Nov. 24	Philadelphia	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Haverford	Dec. 3
Nov. 27	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria	Dec. 5
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Nov. 28	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Taormina	Dec. 16
Nov. 28	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Columbus	Dec. 12
Nov. 28	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland	Dec. 12
Nov. 28	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Monroe	Dec. 7
Nov. 29	Philadelphia	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Taormina	Dec. 16
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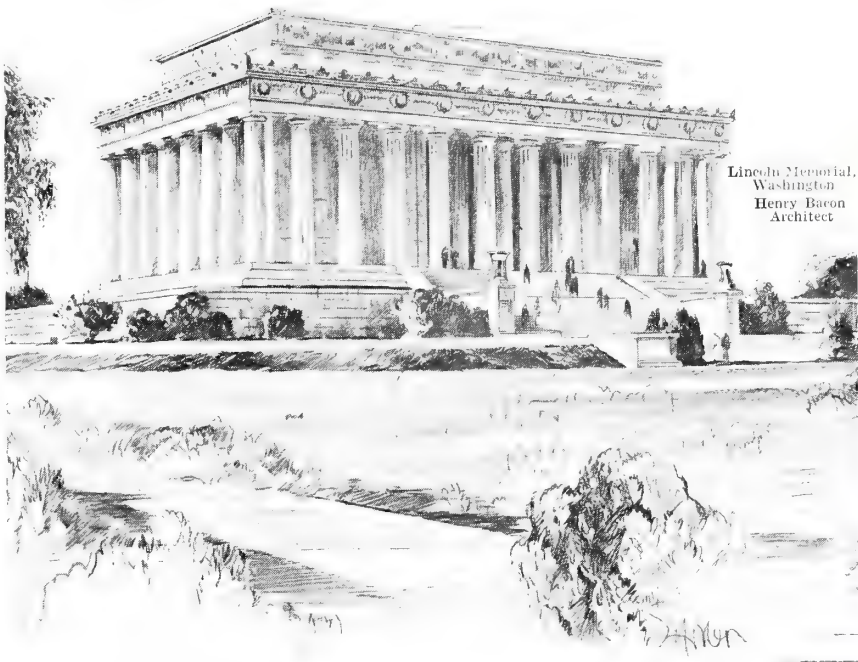
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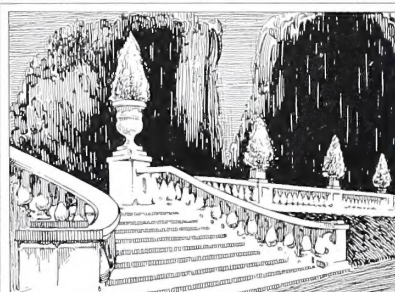
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